

LEND A HAND

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WE are told, on the highest authority, that if we ask we shall receive.

But, as has been wisely observed, it is nowhere taught, in our time, that, if one prints a thousand circulars, containing what men call an "appeal," and drops them in the post-office with the proper stamps appended, he ought to expect anything in answer.

It is to be observed that the Saviour's instructions in the matters of philanthropy always rest on the power of the Spirit. He expects, therefore, the personal presence and personal efficiency of one child of God, who is to carry out God's wish and work, in the care of some other child of God who is in suffering or sorrow. He knows nothing of convenient or mechanical interventions which are to come between him who gives and him who takes, which are to abridge the method of help, or in any way separate one child of God from another.

All scientific philanthropy, which is to succeed, and all organized charity, will be built on the same principle. It recognizes the truth, that man can help man, that man can be helped by man, and confesses that manhood can never be created by machinery.

By an invariable result from this principle, it will always be found, in the long run, that in the administration of any living charity, the financial committee is the executive committee. You start an elaborate paper constitution, in which A. and B. and C. are to perform the benevolent functions, and U. and X. and Y. and Z. are to ask certain intermediary people for the money which A. and B. and C. are to spend. But, after a little, it proves that only those who have seen with their eyes, and heard with their ears, and with their hearts have understood what the need is, are able so to explain and express that need, that the true fountains will flow for its relief. Or, at the other end of the alphabet, you find that the people who have intelligently and loyally collected money for a given undertaking, are the people who ought to have the directing voice in the manner of its expenditure, and, in the long run, they will have it.

HOWEVER much this ultimate disposition of things may displease the people who write out the constitution of the society, they will have to accept it as a well-established result of a fixed law. And there is no real reason for complaint that such a result should follow. It cannot be said too often that no machinery of administration will ever relieve the needs of man for any long time. The results achieved by such machinery are only temporary. And for any cure of human need, we are to look for higher power,—power drawn from the deeper supplies. It is divine tenderness and kindness, acting through wisdom which it inspires and stimulates, and

creating infinite patience such as no other power creates, it is such tenderness and kindness, and nothing less, which work the true miracles of good-will.

LET the treasurer or financial committee of any organization, where the fatal "balance" at the end of the year crowds the willing treasurer more and more, ask who has collected the money, and who has failed to collect it. "Oh, my dear Mrs. Bountiful, you must ask me to do anything but that. But you know I never beg; I cannot do that!" This is the flippant declaration, now and then, of an amateur dabster in charity.

Can you not, dear Miss Papillon? Then you have put your hand to the plough and are looking back to some other amusement or occupation. Have you, indeed, taken hold of benevolence as one more recreation, to be mixed in with drawing, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses, with a little religion, a little of the German, and a good deal of self-inspection? If that is the origin and the degree of your benevolent work, you will be of no use to the poor, nor to yourself, nor to your country, nor to your Saviour, nor to your God. You will be a nuisance to some straightforward people who are really trying to bring in the Kingdom of Heaven, but they will, if they think of you at all, think of you as one of the people who needs a hand, rather than of one who lends it.

Or have you, my dear Dorcas, a Sunday-school class of girls, who waver a little about bringing their monthly contribution to the Sheltering Arms, or to the orphan asylum? Let the girls see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their hearts, and you will have no difficulty. Arrange for an afternoon when you will take them to the Home, that they may see a child brought in from some desolate death-bed, and welcomed by the cheerful and friendly sisters. Or take the steamboat with them, and go down to the Seashore Home, that they may see a dozen babies, fed by a dozen nurses; let them try to milk the cows if they will; let them see how much science there is, even in washing out the bottles. Let them talk with some of those boys and girls, and promise to send down the "Slovenly Peter," or the "Nut-cracker," or the "Wide Awake," which lie at home awaiting such providential distribution. The girls whom you summon on those enterprises will remember their dimes and their half-dimes when another contribution day comes round.

PEOPLE are fond of saying that this is because the Concrete teaches human imagination and sympathy, while the Abstract goes in at one ear and out at another, as the water from the dam flows useless through a "ram" when the spring of the air-chamber has broken.

This is true.

Because it is true, we are taught to address men in parables, if we would secure some memory of spiritual truth, that hearing they may hear, even if they do not understand, and seeing they may see, even if they do not perceive.

And of all parables, none produces such an effect, none is remembered so steadily and works its result so surely as the parable which is true. When I have seen John Flaherty fall from the roof, if I have seen him lifted to the litter, and carried to the hospital, it will not be long before I ask myself, "Where is his wife and how do his children fare?" If I only read of this in the newspaper, I must compel my imagination to paint for me the picture of home misery. And if, worst of all, all that I know of it is that at the end of the year, the "annual" report of the "general" hospital tells me that ninety-nine "accidents" were received as the twelve months

went by, I am least of all tempted to ask where is my place, and what is my share in relieving the misery which to these "accidents" belongs.

"WILL it not answer, dear Mr. Editor, if I 'get up' a fair? I do so hate to ask for money directly."

No, my dear Clara, I do not think it will answer. The fair will advertise your purpose largely. The fair will bring in some people whom no one would have thought of. The fair will send down to the Home of the Helpless ten or twelve people who had never known about it before. So far, so good. And let us hope, that with the good there is no harm. There need be none. But for you, while you are trying, by whatever device, to shirk what is disagreeable to do, simply because it is disagreeable, it is very clear to me that you need to take one step more.

You will take it, and it will be a good thing for you to take it, the day when you frankly address the friend to whom at the fair you would offer a book-mark, or a pin-cushion. Say to her, "We want money for the Home of the Helpless. I want you to know what we do there. I want you to come and see it. And I want you to see where your money will go."

I do not say that this is a pleasant thing to do. Nor do I think you were born into this world to be fed on sugar-candy.

I do say that it is the right way to collect money for your enterprise.

It is very interesting to observe that the people who do give themselves to charity or to work of public spirit, that is, who give time, thought, ingenuity, service, resource, companionship, as well as money, are always the people who are satisfied with the results achieved, and who look forward cheerfully and hopefully to the future, either of the next year or the next generation. On the other hand, the most gloomy people and those most distrustful of the future, the people who as a whole think the world is going to the dogs, are the people who do nothing, in their own person, to hinder such a catastrophe. Such a man is willing to go to his club, and read the exposure made of a fraud in the School-committee, or a malversation in the Board of Correction, and he will stand with his back to the fire and lecture for a half-hour on the downfall of the republic. But he will take no pains at the next election to secure a better School-committee, or a purer Board of Correction.

There is no way in which that man can come to a more healthy and cheerful view of society and its destiny, than by going into the battle himself. Precisely as in the war, men in the army were always sure that things would come out right, as it was not till an officer came home on leave of absence, that he found croaking or doubt as to the final issue, is it in the campaign which ought to enlist us all against sin in the concrete, against sickness, poverty, laziness, drunkenness, and the other works of Satan. Cheerfulness comes with effort.

"Throw but a stone, the giant dies."

A PLEA FOR POOR PARTIES.

BY M. E. B.

From the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

SIR:—Will you allow me to say a word in praise of a kind of hospitality which is not so much practised as it might well be? I mean country, and even suburban, parties to poor Londoners. How many of your readers must be weary of fashionable gatherings! I can promise them a great freshness and heartiness in the entertainment I advocate. None of the guests will be bored; hardly one who is invited will beg to be excused; and the entertainers will have *un succès fou*. As our country Dives is unhappily not always on visiting terms with Lazarus—does not even so much as know Lazarus's address—the first step for intending entertainers is to put themselves into communication with some lady who helps in a district of the Charity Organization Society, or who is otherwise working for the good of our poorer brethren. This lady will choose the guests, pilot them to the appointed place, and give some useful hints as to what to avoid as well as what to provide. She will, if she is wise, make the guests feel that they are welcomed as her friends. That is a delightful saying for the use of pilots: "*Les amis de nos amis sont nos amis*." The poor Londoners will then be able to accept the good things that the day brings forth quite naturally, and without any servility. Entertainers who have not a pleasant country home to which to ask poor people can choose one of the lovely commons near London, and get a local coffee tavern to cater for the party. What rapturous enjoyment there will be among the guests at the sight of green trees, hedges, grass! Even daisies will "call a spot of joy" on the charwoman's cheek, such as not all the hothouse flowers at her last ball had power to bring on the cheek of the reigning belle. I hear it all! The exclamations, often ungrammatical, sometimes inarticulate—mere groans of delight—at the scent of flowers, the landscape, a village

street; in one word, everything that the country affords! To some of the guests the sights will bring back their early days. To others it will be a happy revelation. The subject of a touching story in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the little scholar who asked the other day while tying up flowers: "The country, teacher? And do flowers grow there? And might I pick some?" is a type of a large class. A boy of five or six, making his first railway journey out of London, cried out repeatedly: "What lots of graveyards!" He meant fields. He had never in his life seen grass growing except in a London churchyard. Surely the love of nature is instinctive. Those who do not know the commonest facts of country life seem robbed of part of their birthright. It is pathetic to see Londoners pricking themselves with gorse or thistles, or getting stung when gathering nettles, through ignorance of such common things as thorns and stings. These poor, dear people, who are born, live and die in a crowd—are never in their lives, perhaps, ten consecutive minutes alone—feel so strongly the influence of the quiet country! The merry holiday is at moments quite solemn. I have seen it in their faces and heard it in their tones, even when they did not express the feeling in words. To give these "poor parties" is to benefit the toiling populations of our courts and alleys in mind and in body; and I venture to think that the entertainers profit as much as the entertained. Will not some of your readers make the experiment?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ELM.

Such appeals are no more necessary in England, than on our side of the water. While many English people spend their lives in the pursuit of amusement, a great number are busy seeking opportunities, and inventing plans for doing good. The Archbishop of Canterbury throws open

the gardens of Lambeth Palace twice a week, for the recreation of poor people who live in the neighborhood. Gifted young barristers, rich in this world's goods, devote two evenings each week to playing cricket, and other out-of-door games, with a set of young men, who literally belong to the lower classes, for they are the poorest of the poor. They meet these same young men on Sunday, for Bible study. At one of the annual teas given to the employés of the railroad and telegraph lines, a few miles from London, some five hundred men sat down at heavily laden tables, and were treated to a substantial tea. They did good justice to it. One man was helped to twelve cups of tea, quite enough to satisfy the insatiable Dr. Johnson himself. After being well fed, they listened to earnest appeals and stirring words addressed to their higher nature. These teas have been given for a number of years. The force in that neighborhood consists of at least a thousand men, requiring two entertainments, and the men are willing to do double work, so that their comrades may be free.

Of all plans the one recommended in the article given above is the best. Many people enjoying all the pleasures of a country home would find their enjoyment intensified by inviting parties of poor people from the hot, dusty city, to share with them the lovely air, the green fields and the beauty of the trees and flowers. If it is true, that

"In each white daisy 'mid the grass
That turns my foot aside,
In each encircling fern I pass,
Some sweetest joy may hide,"

how much greater the joy will be, if shared with those who have so few opportunities of enjoying the beauties of nature. Some one has said "that to make even a little child happy is to help to make it good, and to make any one good is a service fit for an angel." That such excursions for poor people are possible and practicable

in our country, is shown by an article from the *Evening Post* which appeared about a year ago:

Within easy distance of New York—though far enough away to be in the real country—there stands a somewhat large house, half-hidden in trees. If on any pleasant Wednesday through the summer you were to watch its owner on his way to his business in town, you would see that the carriage which conveyed him to the station was followed by a four-seated hackaway, quite empty, and if you were to ask him what was the reason for this extensive preparation, he would answer with a smile that he expected guests. But if you had the curiosity to wait till these expected visitors arrived, you would see no well-dressed, comfortable-looking party, but one of the district nurses or Bible-readers, and with her half-a-dozen old women, poorly but neatly clad, with perhaps three or four children clinging fast to their skirts. They fill the carriages, and in good time are set down at the doorway, where the lady of the house is waiting to receive them.

But where, you may ask, is she going to dispose of her odd guests? Surely not in her parlor! No, for there neither she nor they would feel at ease. Not far from the house there stands a rude log cabin, built years before as a play-house for the children, and though no longer used for that purpose, still cherished for its host of pleasant memories. In one room is the stove on which the girls have learned to cook, and a little cupboard, with dishes, cups and saucers; in the other, a great fireplace, with an old-fashioned crane, while the room itself is filled with chairs and pieces of furniture each nearly a century old, the gifts of grandmothers and great-grandmothers. Hither the visitors are conducted, and here in due form installed. The gardener brings them a basket of vegetables and fruits, the cook brings meat, butter, milk and eggs, and the hostess, after a few pleasant words, leaves them to their own devices—to breathe the pure air, to wander in the woods, to pluck the flowers—in short, to pass the day as they best please. At four o'clock the carriages return, and the guests, their good-byes said, are carried back from whence they came. And so

from week to week through the summer they come and go, a different set each time—one day some poor German mothers, with their babies on their arms; again, some laughing Italians, from whose cheeks not even all the city dust and smoke has been able to chase away the roses, perfectly happy to be once more in "*bella campagna*," and reminded by the blue sky and the green fields of the still bluer sky and greener fields of their own bright home across the sea; and still again, a half-dozen old negro aunties, verily believing, some of them, that they are having an actual foretaste of heaven. We who have always lived in comfortable homes cannot half appreciate our blessings. To an ordinary observer there would be nothing very striking in the substantial house and well-laid grounds, but poor Aunt Abby, with tears in her eyes, declared that she "had been dreamin' o' beautiful mansions all her life," and was sure this was one of them, while another woman refused to be comforted, because, forsooth, she had stepped on a strawberry blossom. One little fellow having begged and received permission to smell of the roses, drew a deep breath, and then asked wonderingly, "why there don't be any of the cologne flowers in *our* yard." All, however, were not so romantic. One woman could not understand why the logs in the cabin were left rough and unplanned. "Why don't they have boards, or even stones, they be so cheap?" Another, looking out over the lawn, could do nothing but repeat over and over again, "Lor', what a place to bleach clothes!" But whether prosaic or romantic, in thoughtful consideration for one another and grateful appreciation of the kindness received, they all alike agreed. Though in the past two summers many scores of people have used the log cabin, nothing has been broken or injured in any way; and though many babies—some for the first time in their lives—have been rocked to sleep in the old wooden cradle, it is still as stout and strong as ever.

But perhaps you may ask, "Does not all this involve much trouble and expense? And is the final result worth the pains after all?" To the first I reply that the main expense is limited to the purchase of a hundred or more return tickets to and from the city—which, by the way,

the railroad company furnishes at reduced rates—and as for the trouble, it is but the veriest trifle. A little forethought in planning out the day, a little kindly consideration on the part of the servants, a ride with the children in the pony-cart, the speaking of a few pleasant words, and the whole story is told. The people entertain themselves, or rather find entertainment more than enough in the novel sights and new experience. And as to the second question, whether after all the result is worth the pains—well, if you could see the faces of the people when they leave, and hear their broken words of thanks, you would not need to ask. It has only been a short day, it is true, but the memory will last for many, many days to come. Besides, they do not go away quite empty-handed. To each is given a bouquet of flowers, and a tender slip of geranium or rose, which may take root and flourish, and be a living reminder of the pleasant time gone by, and a spot of brightness against the dark background of the present. But it is not these cheerful blossoms, not the fresh, pure air which they breathed, nor the lovely sights which they have seen, that comfort and cheer the people most. It is the discovery that there are some among the rich and happy who have cared enough for them in their poverty and loneliness to ask them to their homes and share their own peculiar blessings with them. We are much concerned at the present day with the aspect of the social problem. We ask ourselves how it is possible to reconcile the conflicting classes of our population; how to bring about an understanding between the wealthy and favored and the great throbbing, helpless masses. And I have sometimes thought that if we ever succeed in bringing about a perfect reconciliation, it will be in some such way as the foregoing. It is not enough to give our money. We must find some way to show our love. And how better than by bringing some of the poor and helpless to our bright homes and giving them some taste of the blessings which we ourselves enjoy? And even if in doing this we do not accomplish any great result, what then? If we have only succeeded in lightening the gloom and strengthening the faith of one poor, weary soul, shall we call our trouble wasted? Will it not have been

worth while? Truly it would seem as if the great Father above thought it so, for in all the weeks since first our friends began to come, there has been but one rainy Wednesday.

Some kind people who had no country home to lend, hired a cottage at Ocean Grove a few seasons ago, and at the same time started a little tent near by, which they placed at the disposal of a succession of poor, but self-supporting guests, many of whom were invalids. They named it for St. Christopher,* and many were the sad and feeble ones to whom it opened a door of hope, and who enjoyed its hospitality and were strengthened by the cooling sea breezes during the hot summer days. It is impossible to estimate the good accomplished, and yet the outlay in dollars and cents was very small. The tent with its annex accommodated about forty persons at different times, between the end of July and the middle of October, at a cost of less than eighty dollars, which covered all expenses, and the pleasure and advantage of giving carriage drives to the poor invalids who are confined to tenement houses. In New York great enjoyment can be given also by

expending a small sum of money in twenty-five cent drives in the Central Park. Large, comfortable conveyances are always in readiness, and the expense is very slight in proportion to the pleasure obtained. One poor woman walked from Houston street with her baby in her arms, and three little children clinging to her skirts, so hungry was she for a sight of the green fields, the trees, and the flowers. Those who drive constantly in carriages, cannot imagine what such a thing means to those who never enjoy such a pleasure. Another poor woman, spending a day in the country, and driving from the station in a carriage, said "she was so happy she didn't know what to do, and only one thing was wanting to make her happiness complete, and that was, at the same time to be able to stand on the sidewalk and see herself drive by." Only one more suggestion, that of sending poor, tired mothers with their teething babies for trips across the ferries, which are so easily accessible in all directions.

It is Shakspeare who recommends that "The firstlings of our heart, be the firstlings of our hand."

MY DEAR MR. HALE.—I want to tell you of such a pleasant thing that came to my knowledge lately. On going to see Mrs. —, who you know is constantly kept in doors now by her sick husband, I was much surprised to see a bunch of choice garden *fleur-de-lis* on the mantel. On asking her about them, she replied with pride that she had a great deal to tell me; that much had happened to her since I last saw her. She had had a day out-of-doors, not merely in the woods and fields, but a day at a gentleman's house, where the most cordial kindness and hospitality had made her feel at home every moment she was there.

The invitation had been given to her and twenty more like her, all women of sufficient intelligence to appreciate the compliment, and yet so poor that their days were spent in workshops, in sewing-rooms, and in constant household cares. At the appointed place of meeting, a "barge" was ready to drive them out from the city over the bridge to an adjoining town. They were taken first to the college grounds and to Memorial Hall, where they were shown all the wonders of painting, carving, and architecture to be seen there. They then went on farther to the house where they were to be entertained. This is one of special historical interest,

*For a further account of St. Christopher see Ten Times One Department of this number.

and Mrs. — knew very well what a privilege it was to cross its threshold. The rest and quiet and beauty of the place made their impression upon all; but, as I said, this was not what Mrs. — felt most keenly. It was the fact that there were friends there to receive her. A lady, dignified and beautiful, gave her hand to each as she entered, saying: "Now you must all feel that you have come to see an elder sister. Fancy how you would feel if you were visiting an elder sister whom you had not seen for a long time, and let me now stand in place of her." This was said so heartily that Mrs. — referred again and again to it, as the thing which made the strongest impression upon her. A lunch had been provided on a back piazza, and even in their eating they were not kept from the sight of the green grass and bright sunshine which made them so glad. The house was then shown and all its stories of revolutionary time were told. But most of all was the appreciation of the

poet's room, where they touched the carved chair of chestnut, and looked with genuine reverence upon all its belongings.

The neighbors had sent in flowers from their gardens for the women. These were carried by them as the drive was continued on to Mt. Auburn, where they placed them on the poet's grave, their memorial offering on Memorial Day. Each woman had, besides her own bunch of flowers from the house garden, and given to her by the host. This was the bunch of *fleur-de-lis* which had first attracted my attention.

Her husband turned on his bed, as he listened to the eager account of such a glad day. "Yes," he said, "it is almost worth a year or two of sickness that my wife should have such an outing and have her come home so fresh from it."

"Indeed," she added, almost solemnly, "it is one of the greatest experiences I ever had in my life, and I shall never, never forget the beautiful lady who wanted to be an elder sister to me."

Very truly yours, etc.

MY LESSON.

(READ FROM A BUTTERFLY'S WING.)

UNFOLD thy wing
 Thou trembling, radiant thing,
 Slow breaking, like an Amazonian flower,
 To life and light in this thy natal hour.
 Thou needs't not fear the sun's eye, or the dome
 Of infinite air above thee. Thou art come
 Unto thy home.

Give to the air
 Thy life without a care!
 Rise—but thou canst not rise! A broken wing,
 Torn in thy struggle to be free, poor thing,
 Makes thee a prisoner still. Couldst thou not wait
 Until His hand, who fixed thy low estate,
 Unbarred the gate?

My soul, lie still,
 Cradled within God's will!
 Perhaps this two-leaved book, all nicely wrought,
 Like a fair missal bears the Lord's own thought
 And message to thee. Read the rent page through:
 "Be still till He, who maketh all things new,
 Hath made thee, too."

CHILDREN OF THE STATE.

A PAPER READ AT THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE, MINNEAPOLIS, BY WILLIAM P. LETCHWORTH, PRESIDENT OF NEW YORK STATE BOARD OF CHARITIES.

I.

FROM dim attics and damp cellars in poverty-stricken sections of populous towns, from ruinous dwellings in the suburbs of great cities, from cheerless homes about the mines and sooty mills, from innumerable haunts of misery throughout the land, there comes a cry from helpless children, who, subjected to want, disease, neglect, and the dangerous influences that insidiously poison and corrupt the human soul, are so environed as to command our deepest, tenderest sympathies. From these unhappy conditions of life mainly come the unprotected and destitute, as also the intractable and offending youth, whom we not improperly designate as the "Children of the State."

Born in homes of comfort, and surrounded by the protecting influences of the church and good society, we are slow to appreciate the immense difference between our favored fate and that of the child whose first breath is drawn in an atmosphere of moral impurity and in the midst of privation; who, instead of being strengthened by a pure and holy love, has its receptive nature perverted by the debasing influences of selfishness, ignorance, and vice. Considering the bias given to youthful character by unhappy environment, it becomes us to approach our subject imbued with the gentle spirit of charity, the more humble for our superior advantages, and with a hand held out in kindness, rather than with the rod of punishment threateningly raised.

The desire to protect the weak and helpless is one of the noblest attributes of our nature, and in the progress of civiliza-

tion is fast becoming a prevailing sentiment, taking the form of an obligation recognized by the State as well as by the individual. The protection afforded by the parental relation is necessary to the well-being and proper development of the child, and when, from any cause, it is left without protection, the State, reflecting the magnanimity of the citizen, stands *in loco parentis*, and assumes the obligations of the parent. This responsibility may be exercised directly, or it may be delegated to benevolent societies or to individuals. In any case, the broad ægis of the State is extended over the weak and helpless little one, and it has a powerful protector.

The whole number of children in the United States, under sixteen years of age, is given as 20,043,659; but we are unable to determine what proportion of these are dependent or delinquent, nor can we definitely decide how far the different states discharge their duty toward dependent and offending youth. According to the census of 1880, there were in the United States 48,928 blind persons, of whom 2,242 were in educational institutions other than day schools, and 33,878 deaf-mutes, of whom 5,393 were in similar institutions. The New England States, having a population of 4,341 blind persons, had only one public institution for their instruction. This contained ninety-six inmates, and receives pupils from other states. New Hampshire and Vermont had no institutions for deaf-mutes. There were no schools for the blind nor for deaf-mutes in New Jersey, Delaware,

Florida, or Nevada. The total number of idiots in the United States was 76,895. Of these, 2,429 were in training-schools for the feeble-minded. Just what percentage of these classes should receive public instruction, cannot be estimated. It would seem, however, that the proportion under institutional instruction is small.

The number of children in foundling asylums, orphan asylums, and other establishments for homeless and destitute children, as estimated by Mr. F. H. Wines, as also the number in institutions of the character of juvenile reformatories, as given in the last United States census, is thus summed up:

Total population,	49,371,340
No. of children in institutions of the character of foundling asylums, orphanages, and children's homes . . .	50,579
No. of children in institutions of the character of juvenile reformatories	11,107

It does not follow that there is the most juvenile depravity in those states having the largest number of children and young persons in reformatory institutions, nor do the statistics show that in such states the most comprehensive system of reform exists; neither does the number of dependent children in institutions show the degree of destitution and pauperism in the several states: but the magnitude of the work carried on by benevolent organizations under the sanction of the State and by the State itself for these unfortunate and delinquent classes is thus brought into bold relief.

It would be impossible in the time allotted this important subject to treat it as fully as it deserves. I shall therefore content myself by presenting a few thoughts that seem to me to be worthy of careful consideration. The class receiving our attention may be separated into five general divisions:

(a) Young infants, or those generally designated as foundlings;

(b) Children homeless or destitute through poverty, orphanage, or other causes;

(c) Blind, and deaf and dumb;

(d) Idiotic and weak-minded;

(e) Truants, vagrants, disorderly and criminal children designated under the general term of juvenile delinquents.

Class (a) forms a subject of deep interest, from the largeness of its numbers and the fearful mortality prevailing under institutional care in some countries, but which is gradually lessening by the improved methods of later years. The revolving boxes, for the reception of abandoned infants and of which there were at one time in France as many as 256 at the doors of as many different institutions, are no longer legalized; and in this country, the custom of receiving foundlings without asking any questions respecting parentage is, as far as I am aware, no longer practiced. On the contrary, illegitimacy is a statutory offence, and the obligations of parentage are usually enforced. Public authorities, however, cannot efficiently deal with this subject, without the watchful coöperation of disinterested benevolent agencies, and without a strong public opinion demanding social purity.

In caring for this class, the large almshouses, even under good administration and separate departmental care, have not been successful, except in the matter of economy. It has been found, that, under organized private benevolence, results could be achieved that were not possible under the public system. Some years ago, in one of our large municipalities, its commissioners of the poor attempted to board out nursing infants. The mortality was so alarming that the experiment was quickly abandoned. At the same time, a private charitable organization made a similar experiment comparatively successful. In the latter case, a watchful and frequent medical inspection was supplemented by the visitation of an unpaid committee to the house where the infant

was nursed. Under a private system, the interest taken by benevolent ladies in unfortunate mothers coming under their notice, is frequently the means of preventing abandonment, and saving both mother and child. In some rural districts, where the poorhouse affairs are under efficient administration, considerable numbers of young infants are legally adopted into good families through the agency of the superintendents of the poor; and as the motive for taking infants under such circumstances must, from the nature of the case, be disinterested, highly satisfactory results are thus reached.

It seems justifiable that still more stringent laws should be enacted to lessen illegitimacy, especially directed against the crime of unlawful paternity. I say crime, for such in time it will come to be regarded. Next to the awful responsibility of taking life is that of bringing it into existence; and the responsibility is indeed of so grave a character, that public opinion should require that it is not evaded by either parent, and weighty penalties should be inflicted when it is ignored. There is a humiliating sense of weakness in a society that holds in honor and equality one who does not recognize his own offspring, and leaves to others the burden of its education, training and support.

In respect to homeless and destitute children, class (b), a difference of opinion exists as to whether they should be placed in families by adoption, indenture or verbal agreement at once upon becoming dependent, or whether they should be permanently placed in asylums. On one hand, it is asserted that the simple routine of the asylum does not give sufficient variety of mental or manual employment for proper development, and that the children thus become institutionized, and graduate inefficient, lacking confidence in themselves to cope with the world in a struggle for a livelihood. On the other hand, it is as confidently held,

that, for lack of preparatory training, the children are not accepted in the most desirable homes, and consequently too frequently drift away into the vagrant and criminal classes. Extreme views in either direction I hold to be erroneous.

It seems evident that the family is the natural place for the true development of the child, especially when it is received as a member of the family, and allowed to participate in its industrial, social, and religious life, having its faculties stimulated and its ingenuity taxed by unexpected emergencies, its sympathies awakened by home-life troubles and trials, and its affections deepened through kindness and reciprocal confidence. But homes affording these opportunities, where real safeguards exist, are not always easily found; and when found, if the little applicant is ragged and dirty, ignorant of all decorum and profane in speech, he is not readily admitted, and some preparatory care and training are necessary to make him eligible to a desirable home. The asylum should be so organized as to effect this, and then the child should be given out. Many children do not need this preparation, and can be placed in the family at once.

The institutions for children are generally managed by benevolent ladies who give largely of their time and means. The child, upon entering the asylum, is at once the object of sympathetic interest, which to a greater or less degree, extends to a protecting and helpful influence through life. All possible means are brought into requisition to improve and develop the little one's character. When ready for the family, great care is taken in making the selection, where the proper moral influences will surround it and where it will have reasonable advantages of education. Visitation and inquiry after its welfare follow, and in a rightly constituted asylum records of its history are made through succeeding years. These I have found exceedingly interesting.

On one occasion, when, without previous notice, I was inspecting an asylum, in looking over the journal of its personal histories, I came upon the record of three children—a brother and two sisters—that had been placed in charge of the institution by order of the court. One parent was a criminal, the other licentious: both were notoriously dissipated. The boy and the girls had been placed in good families in different parts of the country. After a time the parents demanded their children, claiming that they were able to support them. This demand was refused, and no information respecting their whereabouts granted; but the assurance was given that they were doing well. The father and mother were told, that, when the managers were convinced that the children would not be dishonored by parental association, then, but not till then, could they be permitted to see them. After I had finished reading the history, the lady secretary, who was showing me the books, turned and introduced an elderly, cleanly dressed, happy-looking couple seated in the office. They were the parents, just returned from the first visit which they had been permitted to make their children, then settled in homes of their own. In referring to the dates, I found that many long years had elapsed since these persons had been brought within the redeeming influences of this society; but all were saved, and a bond of Christian sympathy united parents and children.

However well-intentioned and faithful may be the efforts of a public official, he has not the same experience in the work as ladies connected with asylums. Critically responsible to the tax-payer, he is not so liberal in his expenditure for an outfit for the child, nor do the multiplied duties of his position permit his devoting the necessary time to this important work; and frequent changes in office render it impracticable to long continue visitation of these wards.

But the tendency of all asylums is to retain their children too long. We have examples of institutions that were established under the name of temporary homes, for the sole purpose of effecting a rapid transition from a condition of dependence to family life, which, in a few years, lapsed into inactivity in placing out, and eventually became permanent homes for children. Among the temptations to over-retention is a pride in numbers. After much drilling, the children become proficient in their exercises, and there is a reluctance to be continually breaking up the band that makes the asylum inmates, as a whole, appear attractive; and there are all the while growing personal attachments between the children and those connected with the asylum, which it is hard to sunder. Thus it sometimes happens, that, when the best family homes are open and waiting, the managers resist the attempts to place out their wards. Again, when the payment by municipalities or counties for the child's maintenance is sufficient to meet the entire cost of support, or, as is sometimes the case, afford a small profit, there is a pecuniary inducement to retain children.

There is, however, a class of girls that find their way into the orphan asylums, who, while not feeble-minded, are, nevertheless, so weak in character as to require constant guidance, and it is therefore better they should be retained in an institution until they reach maturity. In some of the asylums, after passing through a course of advanced industrial training, they graduate into the world under the protecting influences of the social organizations that are fostered by sisterhoods engaged in the asylum work.

The result of retaining children so long within the institution is, that the asylums in some of the municipalities have greatly expanded, and their numbers increased to an extent that has caused complaint from tax-payers, as also from the benevolent who contribute to their support. Another

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serious consequence is that of over-crowding, which, in some of the larger institutions, has resulted in the prevalence of ophthalmia to an alarming extent. Thus there is danger of this otherwise excellent system being crushed by its own weight. It is but just to state, however, that in very many of the asylums, the population changes upon an average once a year; some of the children being placed out very soon after admission. Where there are so many dependent children needing the very best care and help that can be secured for them, we must see that none are deprived of the benefits of asylum training because of over-retention. It would seem better that ten children should enjoy the privileges of the asylum for one year each than that one child should remain during the period of ten years. Notwithstanding the dangers referred to, in my opinion, as children become dependent, the best course is to place them immediately in charge of benevolent societies organized for their care and protection, and at the same time to bring greater activity into the placing-out branch of asylum work. This activity could be promoted in localities where the institutions are largely supported by appropriations from municipalities and counties, by public authorities offering a moderate premium for every dependent child provided, within a given period, with a good home.

During recent years there has been engrafted upon the American system of caring for dependent children, the English and Scotch plan of boarding out, as it is termed. It has been put in operation on a small scale in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and in the vicinity of New York city. When abroad a few years since, I took some pains to examine the methods recommended by Miss Joanna M. Hill, a leading spirit in this work; also those pursued in Scotland under the supervision of Mr. John Skelton, secretary of the poor-law board, who is an enthusiastic

advocate of the system. I also visited a considerable number of families, both in England and Scotland, in which children were boarded, including those under the supervision of the benevolent Rev. W. P. Trevelyan, at Stony Brook, and Miss Preusser, at Windermere. The number boarded out in England, December 31, 1884, was 1,043. These are under the care of committees sanctioned by the local government board. In Scotland, the work is in charge of parochial boards, and the children are frequently visited by inspectors and committees appointed for the purpose. The number of pauper children boarded in families in Scotland on the 14th of May, 1885, was 4,963, of whom 1,932 were with relatives, 3,031 with strangers. With rare exceptions I found the children suitably placed, almost invariably in the families of poor cottagers to whom the payment for board formed a needful part of their means of living. The cottages were generally tidily kept, and those in charge temperate and industrious. Some of the children were with widows or persons in poor health. Included in the stipulations of care was the promise that the child should spend a stated length of time in school. After reaching a self-supporting age, it is removed, or permitted to remain without payment of board. An attachment not infrequently grows up between the caretaker and the child resulting in the acceptance of the latter alternative. The unpaid committees engaged in this work had discharged their duties in a careful and satisfactory manner. Altogether, the examination made a very favorable impression upon my mind.

But the circumstances attending dependency there and here are very different. Great Britain has not the extended system for placing children in families through orphan asylums and other benevolent agencies, nor the opportunities of placing them out without remuneration for support, that exist in this country.

Social distinctions and customs, and the wider difference between the poor and the well-to-do, stand in the way. English people are surprised to learn that destitute children, especially girls, who, in England, are usually trained simply for servants, are here frequently adopted or indentured into prosperous families, and have all the educational aid and social privileges of the sons and daughters of their guardians, and this, too, without pecuniary compensation. Of 1,211 children sent out in 1884 from the pauper schools of the metropolitan unions and parishes, 567 were girls, all but twenty-two of whom went into domestic service.

The pauper or dependent children of England are mainly in departments of the large work-houses (almshouses). Of late years a commendable course has been pursued in erecting in the country groups of cottages for the accommodation of this class, thus separating them more completely from workhouse associations. The best illustration I saw of this plan was the Marston Green Cottage Homes, about six miles from Birmingham, designed to accommodate pauper children of that large manufacturing city. The group of buildings, pleasantly situated in the midst of highly improved grounds guarded by a porter's lodge at the entrance, comprised an administration building, a school-house, also used for religious services, an infirmary, and fourteen two-story tasteful brick cottages, each accommodating about thirty children. Each of the seven cottages for girls had its house mother and each of the remaining seven for boys its house father and mother. Nevertheless, it was still a pauper establishment under public official direction, and not controlled by organized private benevolence, as are our orphan asylums. Even in this attractive and well-conducted institution, I could not but think the children would be better off in the families of cottagers. As to those in the juvenile departments of the large

work-houses, there can be no doubt but that they would be infinitely better circumstanced if boarded out. Not having an opportunity to place children in desirable families, there appears to be no better way in Great Britain than the boarding-out plan; but in this country the doors of so many sympathetic, prosperous people are open to them, it is believed, that, with properly directed effort, there could be placed in families without charge, through the medium of orphan asylums and other agencies, all healthy and intelligent children coming upon the public for support, for years to come.

So long as boys and girls are boarded out by superintendents or overseers of the poor and their maintenance paid for, they are recognized as paupers, and classed as such among their associates, to the injury of their self-respect and ambition; and they are not, therefore, likely to rise as rapidly as otherwise in the social scale. But the great danger in adopting the English boarding-out system in this country would be, that it would eventually break down our whole voluntary system of receiving children into families, and prove an incalculable misfortune, resulting disadvantageously to the children, setting aside the moral benefits to the family in its benevolent sacrifice of caring for a helpless little one, and creating an enormous pecuniary burden to the public. When the pay method is fairly in operation, the unpaid and benevolent system will collapse; for when it becomes known in any locality that the public authorities are paying for permanent board of pauper children under private care, it is not to be expected that persons will be willing to oblige the same authorities by taking children for nothing. The benevolent feature of the work being ignored, it would become merely a business transaction. Even in cases where the family interest would be promoted by receiving a child free, pay would be demanded. Again, under our political system there

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would be a constant temptation placed before public officials to do their part of the work in a way to derive some benefit from the patronage connected therewith. At present, the plan of permanently boarding out has not been widely accepted in the United States, and it is to be hoped that notwithstanding the worthiness and good intent of those leading the movement, it will not become general.

Another danger of its adoption in this country will be seen when we reflect, that, if successful, it will supersede almost entirely the necessity for orphan asylums or children's homes, and the public will lose the generous contributions now made to these charities, as well as the benefit resulting from the labors of a large force of benevolent workers who serve without any compensation whatever. I estimate that in New York State alone there are upwards of two thousand persons voluntarily engaged in child-saving work, a considerable proportion of whom devote their time in whole or in part to this laudable service.

From the statistics we have respecting the blind and the deaf-mutes, class (c), it is safe to infer, as already intimated, that further provision should be made for their instruction, notwithstanding the increase in the number of educational and training schools established for them during recent years. So far as we have made provision, however, I am led to conclude, after careful examination, that, in buildings, management, and general arrangement for the care and instruction of this class, our institutions not only compare favorably with those of Europe, but reflect credit upon our country.

The question has been much discussed of late years as to the desirability of establishing, under state direction, asylums for the dependent blind, into which, among others, those graduated from the schools might be received and cared for, instead of sending them back to the community from whence they came. It

would appear that the work of the schools should be, to prepare the blind for usefulness and self-support; and care should be taken that this work is not neutralized by tempting them into an easy life of respectable dependence in an asylum, where the active stimulants of industry and business are superseded by the monotony of institution routine, and where they are deprived of the helpful sympathy of the seeing. The project of establishing a *State* asylum for the adult blind having been several times presented to the New York State Legislature, it was finally referred to the state board of charities, which reported upon it adversely.

So recent as 1848, the necessity of institutional care, special instruction and training for the idiotic, class (d), was first recognized by the state in this country. In that year, the Massachusetts Legislature made an appropriation for founding the Massachusetts Institution for feeble-minded youth, having been inspired to this action by that distinguished philanthropist, Dr. S. G. Howe. New York State followed Massachusetts in 1851, by founding the idiotic school at Syracuse, so long and ably conducted by the lamented Dr. H. B. Wilbur. Pennsylvania began in 1853 the work now carried on in the excellent institution at Elwyn, under Dr. Isaac N. Kerlin; and Ohio founded in 1857 the successful work directed by Dr. Doren, at Columbus. Provision for this class has since been made by the States of Connecticut, Kentucky, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Indiana, Kansas, California, and Nebraska. Five states have authorized expenditures for the care and instruction of their feeble-minded in the institutions of other commonwealths. The remaining twenty states, at a recent date, had adopted no educational system for the idiotic, and that of some of those named is far from adequate.

While the work of instructing the teachable of this class requires great patience

and perseverance, the results are, nevertheless, very satisfactory. The instances are rare in which they are not improved. In all cases they are much happier, while it is safe to say that at least twenty-five per cent are made capable of self-support under suitable direction. Therefore, aside from humane considerations, it is evidently wise economy to give the feeble-minded thorough training; and it is manifestly the duty of these conferences to influence the states that have not already done so, to make provision for them, and also to encourage those states that have entered upon the work to foster and extend it. But the helping hand of the

state should not be withdrawn after school age has passed. It should extend, in needful cases, to the care of such as are incapable of protecting themselves. The custodial institution for feeble-minded women at Newark, N. Y., the inmates of which were collected from the various poor-houses of the state, and there placed under care to guard against the possibility of the reproduction of off-spring enfeebled like themselves, has proved so great a saving to the State of New York, that the legislature has recently increased its capacity to two hundred inmates.

(We must reserve the conclusion of this valuable paper until October.—*Eds.*)

THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHARITIES AND CORRECTION.

THE annual session of the National Conference of Charities and Correction was held in St. Paul, Minn., July 15-21. The Governor of the State, Hon. L. F. Hubbard, placed the capitol at the disposition of the conference and it proved an admirable place for the meetings. The "House" was used for an audience room while the Senate chamber and the committee rooms were constantly found convenient. Everything had been done in advance by the officers of the State Board of Corrections and Charities, who were also on the local committee, to prepare for the conference, and the result was that everything went smoothly and pleasantly. The newspapers published full reports of the sessions from day to day, usually very accurate, but always with errors enough to light up the somewhat serious subjects with a gleam of humor. The hospitality of the state, city, and individual citizens was most generous and was thoroughly appreciated. The delegates in attendance represented correctional or charitable institutions, public or

private, from twenty-five states and territories, some sending but one, as Manitoba, others a full representation. Thus New York sent more than thirty, and Illinois twice as many. Massachusetts sent nine, none coming from any point farther east, and Washington Territory and Oregon contributed two each from the setting sun. Texas, the most southern state, had two, while Minnesota honored the conference by constant and full delegations from her many institutions. In all, 475 delegates were in attendance besides hundreds at special meetings whose names were not recorded. Gen. Brinkerhoff stated on Sunday night, when the session was held in a church that was packed, aisles, pulpit steps, platform and galleries, that it was probably the largest gathering ever convened in this country to consider prison reform.

There were many notable persons among the delegates, clergymen, bishops, lawyers, judges, governors and at least one ex-president of the United States, Hon. R. B. Hayes. Women, too, like Mrs.

Hayes, Mrs. Hendricks, Clara Barton, Dr. Margaret Cleaves, Dr. Jennie McCowen, Mrs. Mary E. Cobb, and scores of others were among the most earnest and devoted attendants.

The opening session was made up of addresses of welcome from the state and city, with responses from ex-President Hayes and F. B. Sanborn on behalf of the delegates, and the address of the president, William Howard Neff. Mr. Neff in his brief, business-like paper, gave little hint of his constant and arduous efforts for the past year toward making the conference a success. But day by day revealed his painstaking consideration, and the unanimous declaration at the end that this had been the very best of the series of thirteen, was surely ample reward for his labors and for his excellent service as a presiding officer.

The usual course was followed of devoting a day, or a session, to some particular subject, papers and discussions bearing wholly on that. The "Reports from States," somewhat tedious to listen to but invaluable for reference, were the only exception to this rule, but were given whenever there was a spare moment.

Friday was "Jail" day, and though Dr. Byers repeated again the oft-repeated tale of the vile condition of county jails, and offered praiseworthy remedies, yet it is to be feared that another year will still see these horrors in existence. To the ordinary listener it seems as though it would be only necessary to bring these facts before the public to have them righted, but the grist from God's mill that feeds reform falls slowly from the nether stone. Even the words of such earnest men as ex-Gov. Hoadly of Ohio, ex-President Hayes, Gen. Brinkerhoff and other experts, as to the need of jail and prison reform, seem to fall on callous ears.

Some persons were surprised to see that kindergartens were included as part of the programme, but the papers presented easily showed that in the establish-

ment of these schools, as a part of the public school system or as connected with institutions for the deaf, blind, imbecile and insane, is the chief part of that ounce of prevention which saves the pound of cure. Year by year it is noticeable, to one who follows the trend of these conferences, that the stream of crime and misery is being traced farther and farther toward its source, with the hope sometime of reaching and purifying the fountains. Miss Anna Hallowell of Philadelphia, chairman of the kindergarten committee, read the report, and also a valuable paper by Rev. R. Heber Newton, on "The Kindergarten as a Preventive of Vice and Crime."

Reform schools brought out three papers, "Their Objects and Possibilities," by P. Caldwell of Louisville, Ky.; "Moral Elevation in Reformatories," by J. C. Hite of Lancaster, Ohio, and "Industries," by Levi S. Fulton of Rochester, N. Y., three members who have had large practical experience in reformatories. One afternoon was devoted to a drive to the St. Paul Reform School, where boys and girls are both received, though of course, in different buildings. The hundreds of delegates passed in and out among the workshops and saw the boys busy in making tin pans and dippers, baby-wagons, toys, etc. Later the children were gathered together to sing and listen to short addresses. Ex-President Hayes made a very happy little speech on the occasion, as did also Mr. J. H. Mills of North Carolina, one of the most telling speakers of the conference. The boys and girls are probably still laughing at the opossum story which he told to illustrate the "unsatisfyin'" nature of the old idea of charity. The delegates were invited to eat ice-cream and drink lemonade, and the tender souls who objected to enjoying a luxury that was not granted to the inmates were a little consoled at seeing, when the tea table was spread for the children, a glass of amber lemonade by each child's plate.

An interesting evening was devoted to a paper by ex-Gov. Hoadly of Ohio, on "The Power of Pardon, and to Commute Sentences, and to Parole Prisoners." From his experience as governor he was much opposed to the power of pardon as at present exercised. "The parole," said Gov. Hoadly, "not the pardon; probation, not emancipation, is the remedy. I do not urge that the doors of prisons be opened outward less frequently than heretofore. What I urge is constant police supervision; constant liability to re-imprisonment until the test of actual liberty shall have proved the reality of reform and the safety of the grant of legal liberty."

Rev. J. C. Milligan, who attended the International Prison Congress at Rome, as a delegate from the United States government, gave an interesting report of that meeting. A paper by Z. R. Brockway was also read on "Labor in Prisons and Reformatories." Gen. Brinkerhoff reported for the committee on Federal prisons and prisoners. This report showed conclusively that the United States government has yet a great deal to do before the thousands of prisoners for whom the Federal government is responsible are properly treated.

Besides the Kindergarten committee there was this year also a report from a committee on "Preventive Work among Children," of which Mrs. Virginia T. Smith of Connecticut was chairman. Her report was full of good measures looking toward improvement in this direction. A paper on the same subject was also sent by Mrs. Anne B. Richardson, who speaks from a long experience in placing out children in Massachusetts homes. Perhaps no paper was more carefully prepared or closely written than one by William P. Letchworth, also presented by this committee, on the "Children of the State." Mr. Letchworth compared the English and Scotch methods of caring for abandoned and delinquent children with those of this country. But

while commending their methods as well suited to the social life of Great Britain, he felt that it would be a mistake if they were too closely imitated here. He advocated strongly providing more and better class schools for defectives of all kinds, and was earnest in his desire to see women employed on all boards of management of schools or institutions for children. The tone of the paper was delightful and it elicited warm approval.

Charity organization, which has put on its seven-leagued boots and is every year striding further and further over the land, was exceptionally well treated this year. The chairman of the committee having it in consideration, W. Alex. Johnson of Chicago, read a concise paper giving the newest data with reference to this work. Three papers followed. The first, entitled "Trampery: Its Causes, Present Aspects, and More Suggested Remedies," was by Rev. W. L. Bull of Whitford, Penn., who has been making a special study of these modern wandering Bedouins, and who sees in the rapid increase of certain classes of tramps an element to be feared. Mr. Bull was followed by George B. Buzelle of Brooklyn, N. Y., who read a paper on "Individual Charity: The Work of the Friendly Visitor." Readers of LEND A HAND are familiar with Mr. Buzelle's admirable views on this subject. They were presented so tersely and with such sincerity, and withal, such brevity, that for once people were sorry to have a charity paper close. N. S. Rosenau, of the Charity Organization Society of Buffalo, N. Y., read the third paper on "Schemes for the Self-help of the Poor," an eminently practical and useful contribution to the conference. His description of the *crèche* in Buffalo, illustrated as it was by real cradles, and cribs, and photographs of the babies in their sunny day nurseries, made it seem as if every city represented by the numerous delegates could do no less than follow the excellent example of Buffalo, by tak-

ing care of the babies and thus letting the mothers work.

Three subjects were suggested last year which have not heretofore received much attention from the conference, and on these subjects papers were read at St. Paul: "Education of the Blind," by B. B. Huntoon of Louisville, Ky.; "Education and Care of the Deaf," by G. O. Fay, Ph.D., Hartford, Conn.; and "Hospitals," by P. S. Connor, M. D., Cincinnati, Ohio. These were all practical in their bearing and full of suggestion, especially for the younger states that have not yet made definite provision in these directions. A very long but interesting paper was read by Henry W. Lord of Dakota, on the "Relations of Education and Industry to Crime and Pauperism." It would be good reading for country boys who feel that fortune has been unkind in compelling them to work so hard. Mr. Lord took the same ground with ex-President Hayes, in his address on prisons, that industrial education is one of the prime elements of all true reform.

No report was so brief as that of Dr. C. S. Hoyt's on "Immigration and Migration," nor did any so quickly sound the alarm for a battle of words as this. It was followed by an able paper by F. B. Sanborn of Boston, on "Immigration and Migration: Their Effects in Different Countries and Communities on Pauperism, Crime, and Insanity." But Mr. Sanborn's paper was forgotten in the discussion, in the eagerness of the various members to leap into the arena and attack Dr. Hoyt's report. Some of the speakers seemed hardly to appreciate exactly what that report signified. All the same it was interesting to note how warmly they fought for the principle of liberty for all, in this free country. None were more staunch in upholding the doctrine that America must always be known as a refuge for the distressed than those who were born on foreign soil. In quick succession, Mr. A. O. Wright of Wisconsin,

Dr. Gundry of Maryland, Rabbi Louneschein of St. Louis, Bishop Ireland of Minnesota, Mr. Letchworth of New York, Bishop Whipple of Minnesota, Dr. Byers of Ohio, and Mr. Johnson of Illinois, rushed to their feet as opportunity offered, and the result was the most brilliant evening of the whole week. Dr. Hoyt closed the discussion by calmly pointing out some of the phantoms at which they had been riding, and assuring the speakers that all that the report called for at present was the enactment of Federal laws already passed. "It makes no war against the poor," said Dr. Hoyt. "The committee welcome any person whose health is vigorous and who desires to earn a livelihood, but it takes the ground that we should carry out the law of the land by the highest Federal authority; that this country shall not be made the grounds on which shall be emptied the insane and chronic paupers of the governments of Europe."

"Insanity and Imbecility" were the subjects treated on the last day of the conference. The report of the committee of the insane was made by Dr. Richard Gundry of Maryland. The four papers that followed were as follows: "The Care of the Chronic Insane in Families," by F. B. Sanborn of Boston; "Restrictions on the Personal Liberty of the Insane," by A. B. Richardson, Athens, Ohio; "Diet and Voluntary Employment of Patients," by Charles A. Miller, M. D., Carthage, Ohio; "Construction and Management of Small Asylums for the Chronic Insane," by A. O. Wright, Madison, Wisconsin. In spite of the fact that there are over 70,000 imbeciles and idiots in the United States, but little more than an hour was devoted to this topic. Dr. Kerlin of Pennsylvania read a good report for the committee, and Dr. George Knight of Lakeville, Conn., read an admirable paper on "State Provision for Epileptics." Though one of the youngest men of the conference, Dr. Knight is old in experience and rich in promise.

The closing exercises on Wednesday night were made up of sixteen short speeches expressing gratitude to the people of St. Paul on the one hand, and appreciation of the conference and its members on the other. It was not inaptly termed a love-feast by one of the mem-

bers. Thane Miller, the blind preacher of Cincinnati, suggested the singing of America at the close, after which nothing less solemn than a benediction seemed appropriate, and Bishop Whipple dismissed the conference with a blessing.

ECONOMY OF JUSTICE.

BY ALICE C. FLETCHER.

IN 1851 the Indian Superintendent at St. Louis, Missouri, wrote to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs at Washington, as follows: . . . "I have thought and observed much on this subject, and have no hesitation in saying, that an intermixture with the Anglo-Saxon race is the only means by which the Indians of this continent can be partially civilized. In order to carry out this plan, I beg leave to suggest, for the consideration of the Department, the following measures, viz: the laying off of Nebraska Territory, with the following boundaries: Commencing on the Missouri, at the mouth of the Kansas river, and running up the Missouri to the mouth of the L'Eau qui Court, or Running-water river; following up the Running-water river to its source, about thirty-five miles above Fort Laramie, where this stream issues from the base of the southern range of mountains, known as the Black-hill; from thence due south to the Arkansas river; thence along our established boundaries to the western line of the State of Missouri, to the place of beginning. This will give to the United States all the agricultural lands south of the Missouri river that are considered exclusively Indian territory.

"Should this territory be established, the question would then arise, What shall be done with the Indians occupying the soil

within the above described limits? I would recommend that one section of land be given to each head of a family, and secured to their descendants for fifty years, without any right of transfer.

"It is fair to presume that, after the lapse of fifty years, the Indian owners of the soil would be able to protect their own pecuniary interests, having the example of the whites, by whom they would be surrounded and intermixed, before them. To these Indians I would grant the privilege of citizenship, as I know, from personal observation, that they are far more capable of exercising them than a large portion of the citizens of New Mexico. After assigning to each family the requisite quantity of land, a large surplus would remain, which should be purchased by the government at something like a fair price, and thrown open to the pioneers of the country, where they can settle and establish their pre-emption rights whenever the lands are surveyed and thrown into market.

. . . "The force of circumstances will soon compel the government to adopt some plan by which the fine agricultural lands that form a large portion of Nebraska, will be thrown open to that class of American citizens that have always been found on our extreme western frontiers, forming, as they do, a kind of connecting

link between civilized and savage life. . . . I have talked this subject over with the Indians on several occasions, and have always found the more intelligent portions of the tribes not only willing, but anxious to change their condition in some such manner as I have recommended."

This plan was proposed by a gentleman of experience, not only among the Indians, but on the frontier. The tribes living within the limits designated were more or less inclined to industry. They dwelt in villages composed of sod houses, raised corn, beans, pumpkins, etc., caching them for winter use. Although they were dependent upon hunting for their meat and clothing, they moved out upon their hunts as an organized body, and returned to their villages when sufficient food and skins had been secured. If at the time the above recommendation was offered, fair treatment, a judicious training in agriculture, and the use of domestic animals had been inaugurated, these Indians, without much difficulty, could have been fitted to become useful members of society.

Of the tribes then living in Nebraska, all but one have been removed to the Indian Territory, at the cost of a heavy death rate and a still heavier loss of manly ambition. The government has also paid to three of the tribes three millions of dollars for ceded lands besides several hundred thousands expended for agencies and other purposes. The one exception mentioned is the Omaha tribe. They now hold patents to their farms, on the rich lands sacred to them as the home of their ancestors, and are self-sustaining by agriculture.

Thirty years have passed since the Indian Superintendent talked with the Indians concerning their settling on individual lands, living among the white people, and adopting civilized ways, but these conversations are still remembered by some of the old men. When narrat-

ing the circumstances to the writer, they concluded by saying:

"The white man hates the Indian and does not want him to live, so we have been driven away to die."

Sitting at the camp fires of the Indians when these removals were talked over, it was impossible to defend the acts of the white men or those of the government. And the same was true when the topic was Indian wars. To generalize upon the march of progress, will not excuse acts of greed, vengeance, or injustice on our part.

In 1868, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs thus summarized the causes of a few of our Indian wars. He said:

"The Sioux war of 1852-4, as I am informed, originated in this wise: An immigrant Mormon train abandoned a cow. A lieutenant and squad went to the camp of the Indians, who had found and eaten her, and demanded the man who had killed her. The Indians refused to surrender the man, but offered to pay for the cow. The lieutenant and his squad fired upon them, killing and wounding a number, when they were surrounded and massacred. The Sioux war ensued, costing us \$20,000,000 to \$40,000,000 and several hundred lives, besides much private and public property.

"In April, 1864, a ranchman named Ripley went to Camp Sanborn, on South Platte, and charged the Indians with stealing his stock. A lieutenant proceeded to search for, but could not find it. Falling in with a company of Cheyennes, an attempt was made to disarm the latter. In the *melée* one soldier was killed and some others wounded. Then followed the Cheyenne war, culminating in the massacre at Sand Creek of 120 friendly Indians, mostly women and children, resting in their own hunting grounds under the protection of our flag. This affair is known as the Chivington massacre. This war cost the treasury probably not less than \$40,000,000, an im-

mense amount of valuable property, and no one can tell how many lives, involving, as it did, not only the Cheyennes and Apaches, but the Arapahoes, Kiowas, and Comanches, and many bands of the Sioux, and was ended by the treaty of 1865, at the mouth of the Little Arkansas.

"In 1866, the military took possession of the Powder river country, in Dakota, within the acknowledged territory of the Sioux, and planted military posts Phil. Kearney, Reno, and C. F. Smith, without the consent of the Indian proprietors, and in direct violation of treaty stipulations. A fierce and bloody war ensued, costing us many millions of dollars, several hundred lives, including the killed at the Fort Kearney massacre, and much valuable property.

"On the 19th of April, 1867, a military command burned the peaceful village of the Cheyennes, on Pawnee Fork, western Kansas, who had been at peace with us since the treaty of 1865, on the Arkansas, and were then on lands assigned them by that treaty. The Cheyennes flew to arms, and the war of 1867 followed, in which we lost over 300 soldiers and citizens, several millions of dollars in expenses, and an immense amount of public and private property, and killed, it is believed, six Indians and no more.

"The pretext for our celebrated Navajo

war in New Mexico, it is understood, was the shooting of a negro servant boy of a military officer by an Indian and the refusal to surrender the slayer on the part of the Navajos, who, nevertheless, proposed to make the amend, after the Indian fashion, by pecuniary satisfaction for the offence. Four campaigns against the Navajos resulted, in three of which our army failed of either success or glory. In the fourth, the Indians succumbed to the superior strategy of the renowned Kit Carson, and were compelled by hunger to surrender. This war cost the treasury many millions of dollars, and the people the loss of many lives and valuable property."

The list could be extended. It is hard to point to a justifiable Indian war. And it is safe to say, that had the Indians had the benefit of the law, could they have appealed to the courts upon equal terms with the white man, for the redress of wrong, these expensive warlike reprisals upon Indian life would not have darkened the pages of our history.

It is a humiliating task, on the one hand, to count up the millions of dollars that have been spent trying to destroy the Indians, and on the other hand, to face the victims of our misdoing, as they question us of our acts. Turn which way we will the economy of justice faces us.

WHAT NEXT FOR THE INDIAN?

BY WILLIAM JUSTIN HARSHA.

A VERY practical question was that President Cleveland asked, when the committee from the Mohonk Conference laid the claims of Indians before him: "What is the *first step* to take?" He was impressed by the facts stated; he was interested in the question; more than that, he

seemed to be sincerely anxious to do what lies in his power to right a century's wrongs to our nation's wards. But he was in doubt as to where the first blow should be struck.

And, indeed, we have arrived at a point where we may wisely look around

us and inquire: "What next?" When, some six years ago, Standing Bear and his miserable band of Poncas were taken into an Omaha court, with the almost hopeless hope of gaining for them the protection of the law, there was little humane interest in the fate of the Red men. The prevailing sentiment at that time was voiced by a Cincinnati paper, which said, speaking editorially of the trial: "The Indian must and will have to go, and the lands given up to the on-pressing stream of civilization. As this seems to be inevitable, the government, which is unable to protect its savage wards, should abandon all pretence of keeping faith with them, and flatly adopt the policy of improving the Indians off the earth as speedily as bad whisky and musket-balls can effect it." Happily the country has advanced from such a blood-thirsty policy as this until now there is a wide-spread sentiment that the Indians are human beings after all, and something ought to be done to protect and elevate them. To the Woman's National Indian Association the credit is largely due for this hopeful change in feeling.

But still we are apparently no nearer the realization of our humane projects. One thing is certain, there will never be another removal of an Indian tribe to the Indian Territory against their will. The sentiment of the country is now too strong for such high-handed measures as the past century has seen. But the Indians have as yet no guarantee that they will escape innumerable petty wrongs, thefts, outrages and abuses. The policy of Mr. Schurz was to make farming pleasant and profitable to the Indians, but it is hard to discover how this can be realized so long as white men can help themselves to red men's grain and stock. There may be a certain pleasure in seeing a young heifer growing, but there can be no profit in losing her the moment she begins to give milk. Under the benignant smiles of public sentiment certain

tribes have, in the last few years, made some advance. The Omahas and Santees have taken land in severalty, the Winnebagoes venture to use their shrewd eye in making a bargain, the scattered remnants of tribes in Iowa, Dakota and Michigan are trying to hold up their heads and conquer a pigeon-toed gait. Still the Indians are practically in as bad plight as ever, for they cannot make contracts, they cannot bring suit in a United States court, they cannot resent, except by the rifle, the stealing of their property. In the case of Nebraska, it is true, the legislature has voted to extend the jurisdiction of the courts over the reservations within the bounds of the state, but the Indians cannot choose justices of the peace, or any other officer of law; and hence the apparent extension of the blessings of law to them is null and void. We are in a transition state between the rule of Indian customs, which have so long governed the tribes but are now destroyed, and the power of the law of the land, which has not yet been placed over them, and hence the President's question was right to the point: "What is the first step to take?"

To me, with a rather wide acquaintance with the Utes, Sioux, Omahas, Winnebagoes and the scattered remnants in some of the more eastern and northern states, it seems that the first thing to be done is for Congress to declare the Indian a *person*. We have not now the crisis in affairs that enabled Lincoln to seize the difficulty of slavery with a strong hand and set so many free. But surely we are in that position of great need which authorizes the use of heroic measures. We stand at the point where something needs to be done at once, or all that we have gained will be lost. The granting of land in severalty, the missionary and educational projects that have been entered upon, the votes of legislatures, will all prove abortive, unless the Indian is placed in a position to defend his possessions and enjoy his education and elect

his officers of law. This can only be done by Congress removing the unjust restrictions resting upon the Indian as the impersonal, irresponsible ward of the government. Let him be declared a man, and not an infant or an idiot, and he will immediately take his place as a citizen under the fifteenth amendment. It might be wise to delay his entrance upon the higher privileges of citizenship, such as voting and holding judicial office, until he has been educated and elevated. The mistakes of government with colored men in the South might lead us to wiser restrictions for the red men of the Northwest. But the first step to take is to bring the Indian out of the false light in which he stands, to break his awful anomaly, to grant him his birthright of personality as being one of the diverse sons of the great Father.

The only objection urged to this is that the Indian is too dirty, too ignorant, too revengeful to be declared a citizen. But it is a sufficient answer to inquire: What made him dirty, ignorant and blood-thirsty? Was it not the absence of law and the consequent robbery, poverty and hatred? And shall the cause of the misfortune be continued simply because the misfortune has resulted? Or would we not better apply the remedy although all parties concerned admit that the disease is loathsome and deadly? The absence of quinine might cause chills and fever, but no one would argue that because the patient shakes he ought to be deprived of quinine. And if to this illustration the objection is raised that the fact that the patient shakes shows he ought not to administer the quinine himself, the reply is that neither would the Indian administer law for himself and his race, at least, at first. He would simply be declared by Congress a patient needing law: the law would be administered to him and to the wild ranchmen and settlers around his reservation by competent judges, and there would be no longer an Indian question

any more than there is now a Swede or a German question.

Then with every door open for his advancement, with treaties faithfully kept, with all the advantages of honest toil shown him, with time and occasion given him to believe in our government and our race, with no political urging, but with kind and brotherly encouragement, the Indian will become a worthy part of our promiscuous population, and our government will be saved the awful disgrace of further wronging and finally obliterating a once noble and puissant people. At the time of the massacre of the Cheyennes by our soldiers, an Indian babe was wrapped in a blanket and placed upright in the snow by a self-sacrificing mother, that the little thing might make one mute appeal for mercy to the pursuers; and it seems to me that, like it, the whole red race, however dirty, stolid, ignorant and when aroused revengeful, is bolt-straight in the line of our nation's progress, begging by their wrongs and their miseries the cheap but the priceless benefits of our just and equitable law.

On the 4th of July, just passed, a celebration was held at Chadron, in northwestern Nebraska, at which Chief Red Cloud spoke. He took an honest pride in telling his auditors that he and his fathers once owned the lands around them as far as the eye could reach. He said his heart was glad to hear white men say they respected the Indian and wanted to treat him as a brother and give him the protection of the law. He closed with these words: "You have come up here into my country and built your homes on the graves of my ancestors, and I hope you will have a good time. *We are now living in two houses, but I hope the time will come when we shall all live in one house.*" Thus did this eloquent old Indian express his sense of the legal wall of separation standing between the white men and the red, and his hope that it would soon be removed forever.

MY FRIEND THE BOSS.

A Story.

BY E. E. HALE.

CHAPTER XXV.

AND at last Tuesday came, the fatal Tuesday which was to decide between THEM and US ; between cheap government and reckless waste, between a quiet town, minding its own business, and the rowdyism and recklessness and plunder of Ir.

Of course I had no vote, nor had little Stepney, who had spent the night with us, having come over to speak at the farewell mass meeting of the night before. But John Fisher drove us both down town, at eight in the morning, in the open wagon, which he was to use all day. He gave himself personally to the canvass, and we had all breakfasted early, that he might be at his precinct at the very beginning. The ladies, excepting Mrs. Fisher, who sent word that she had a bad headache, were with us. And before the day was over, I found it was quite as busy a day with them, as with the men.

At Fisher's precinct everything was quiet at that hour, but the forces were gathering. On window-seats in the corners of the room were already piles of "stickers,"—separate ballots for individuals with gum on the back that they might at once be fastened over the printed names on regular tickets. I saw bottles of mucilage, ready for similar use, left by one or another Independent voter, who wanted to facilitate Independency, and ran the risk of its telling against his friends. The vote distributors of the several parties were on perfectly good terms with each other ; I fancy, indeed, that in that precinct, Ir had put forward its best-appearing man, in the hope to conciliate a few votes from bolters who would not respect the final decisions of "OUR" committee. There was no wrangling there, and Fisher told me afterwards, that there was none all day. Even at this early hour a hackney coach would arrive once in every few minutes, from which descending a neatly-dressed rallying man, with our colors, blue and white, in his button-hole, would carefully lift out a lame man, or a man with his face tied up in a handkerchief, once a man accompanied by two daughters, who, in quite dramatic fashion, attended the invalid to the rail, where he dropped his vote. Then the two Hebes looked scornfully at us men, as if to say, "Why did you not let us vote in his place?" For my part I did not know, and do not, why we had not sent a man to his door, with a book in which he could register his vote over his autograph signature.

Stepney and I staid long enough to see the mechanism of the thing, which almost always differs a little in one state from another. As we walked away, we passed, what I had not noticed before, the Woman's Rallying Office. A little blue and white flag hung over the door with the invitation "Come in," and what was more certain, two bright girls on the door-step said, "Will you not have a cup of coffee?"

We both went in, and sure enough, there were a dozen little tables, with our ballots scattered over them, a vase of gentians and candy-tuft on each table, and at least half of them, men sitting, who had been lured in by these sirens, and, perhaps, by the memory of faultless coffee, served there in years before. Behind a counter at the end of the room, I saw several ladies whom I knew, among others Mrs. Grattan and Miss Bell. They were all dressed in uniform, with natty white caps and aprons, with rosettes of blue and white. "Pretty waiter-girls," from the very best ranks of Tamworth social order, were flying backward and forward and filling the cups of the men who were talking politics. Mrs. Tristum beckoned us to join a group of ladies who were sitting near the door.

"Have you come to help us, or are you only loafers?" said she. "If you will help, you shall have coffee, though you are but poor sticks anyway, both of you, seeing you have no more votes than women. But you shall each have one cup, in memory of last night's speeches. Mr. Stepney, you converted one man. I heard him say this morning, that that little fellow who told the war-story fixed him."

I asked what they were doing, and what they were expecting.

"My dear Mr. Mellen, we are at least showing our colors, and that is one comfort. We are not chafing at home, and wondering how the battle goes. Then we have an eye on things here. There is not a young lawyer, nor a young doctor, nor a young engineer, nor a young dry-goods clerk in this ward who will forget to vote to-day. Some woman would say to him, the first time she met him, 'We might have lost the fourth ward by one vote, Mr. Smith; pray where were you?' So far we do something. What is more, is, that we do catch an undecided man sometimes, and we make him see that there can be a decent drinking-room without it; at least he sees that decent people are in earnest."

And she told me that I should find a rallying room like hers at any precinct; there were forty-four in all. They had done this, now for three years, and were sure good came of it. The men on duty told them so. In fact, before the day was over, I guessed that there were a good many more "men on duty" than there would be had these not been such comfortable quarters for them. "You can take your lunch here, you know," said Frank Heron to me about noon. But it did seem to me that he was more interested in that pretty Clara Orth, than he was in the lunch he was waiting for.

Things were by no means so Arcadian and elegant in other wards. Before the day was over, Stepney and I looked in upon almost every precinct; though we missed some, we were in every ward, and saw almost all the humorous, not to say passionate, struggles of the day. It had its headquarters, as well as WE; and if whiskey and lager were paid for, it was certainly not by retail payment at these places. I could see here; however, that there was method in the madness which ruled there. More than once, when some drunken dog stepped up, with his most dignified air, to the man who dispensed one drink or another, his hopes were sharply, not to say profanely, crushed. "What business had he there, when he had neglected to register, or had never been naturalized?"

Free liquor was not for men without votes. It drew the line somewhere, and it drew it there. Indeed, I was amused to see how much care was exercised in such matters. It seemed as if there was fear that the supplies might give out.

In Boston, they used to let them have a keg of beer behind the voting-rail, for the use of the inspectors of votes, so that they might keep their sight clear to the end, and their faculties for counting. But this was not tolerated in the simpler conditions of Tamworth.

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In three different wards, we saw a very pretty fête, as Jan Hooft, at the head of the wire-men, who made a regiment of nearly four hundred, came round, that the men might vote together. The regiment, if I may call it so, escorted in this manner its own members to the several precincts. I was told that they had men in eleven different precincts and they went to all. These men, only the year before, had scattered their votes among all the candidates. But Jan's brilliant speech had made him a hero. Some injudicious thing said about Dutchmen by a Norwegian orator, had closed up the ranks of the Sons of Holland, so that they voted as one man; and here were all the workmen from Kellert's establishment, and from the coöperation, wearing blue gentians tied with white ribbon, and marching with a band of music to vote our ticket in their respective wards. Salter had taken very little by his motion the evening when he called Jan Hooft forward as a leader of the people.

The women knew about what time this cohort would appear in each ward. And they made special preparation for its arrival. It was not to be expected that it should break ranks so long that the men could take turns in drinking in-doors. Indeed, I hope nobody expected that each of four hundred men should drink forty-four cups of anything as that day went round. But with stronger force than that of "pretty waiter-girls," they "policed" a part of their sidewalk, and had tubs of lemonade, and pails of coffee, ready mixed with its milk and sugar, so that as the procession halted, and the platoons for that place voted, the men in the others stepped out and refreshed themselves. Perhaps cockades or button-hole bouquets were pinned on at the same time by canvassers, in defiance of civil service regulations. Jan Hooft himself, before the day was over, was one moving mass of white and blue.

Once and again, as the day went by, we met John Fisher himself, as he brought to the polls some man of lonely work, who would hardly have left his little office or his lonely store, and locked the door, to sacrifice to his country the chance of the customer who might come in his absence of half an hour.

But it was quite a different thing when John Fisher came round to his place cheerily: "How is business, Mr. Broadcloth?" or, "All right, Dr. Molar; I have brought you my friend Mr. Titus, who will stay and see that nobody steals anything, till we come back. We will soon get you to the polls." Indeed, neither Mr. Broadcloth nor Dr. Molar was displeased to have a chance to drive behind John Fisher's bays, and to discuss the political chances with him. On his part he was as well pleased to test in a day the real feeling of the bone and sinew of the community, which he was trying to save.

There had been no announcement at breakfast of any hour for lunch at home. It seemed to be expected that we should find our meat and drink where we did our work. And that day no one in our little circle affected to attend to anything but this election. Fisher told me that his works were open, and the engines running all day. "But then," he said, "every man is allowed four hours for voting, and they are as much excited about it,—well, as I am; so that we shall not show a great deal of 'subduing brute matter,' as I think you call it, in to-day's work there. The brute matter we shall subdue to-day is somewhere else."

The day was fine, and there was no pretence that bad weather kept any one at home. As sundown drew near, lugubrious peals on the church bells summoned any laggards, as if to a funeral. But there were but few laggards. I happened to be, however, at a precinct which was just opposite the Grand Junction station of the Cattaraugus and Opelousas Road, when this tolling began. An instant more and I heard cheering, and, with Stepney, I ran out from Miss Waters's comfortable head-

quarters to see what was passing. An engine, without baggage car, and with only one passenger car attached, engine and car both festooned with blue and white, dashed in, amid the cheers of fifty people. Some twenty young men, wearing our colors, jumped out. They had engaged this special car to bring them from Chicago, so that they might arrive two hours before the regular train, and a few minutes before the polls closed. A dozen wagons were waiting to take them to their precincts. Much opening and shutting of watches made it clear that even at 2 o'clock, in Ward VII, they would be in time. They all dashed off amid the cheers of admiring loafers, the crowd melted away, and the station was left as dull and stupid as it usually was.

Stepney and I waited to see the votes counted and sealed, and to hear the public proclamation made in that precinct. When the messenger was despatched to the central precinct in that ward, we walked across to Ward IV where we had begun the day. Fisher was waiting for us. "There is no good of staying here any longer," he said; "we shall know the news at home sooner than we shall here." I saw he was disturbed, in a moment. For me, I had been made thoroughly cheerful by the activity of the day, and, in my optimistic way, I had taken for granted that so much good work on the right side, could not have been done in vain. As we rode home I sounded him. But he could not well tell why he was anxious. In that ward all was well. But they had known it would be. It had done better, for that matter, than their canvass promised. All the high and dry people, who would not help in the canvass at all, because they were so bigoted about purity of elections, and who would not commit themselves in advance, lest on the morning of the election some angel from heaven should tell them that drunkenness and lying and stealing were cardinal virtues, all these people had, at the last, voted with "Us," so that the returns looked better than our canvassers dared to predict. "But this was no evidence, not the least," he said, "for the out-lying wards." Whether he had private advice of which he would not speak, or whether this were the depression which comes over a strong man, because he cannot be everywhere, I could not guess. But it affected us all three. And after a little effort, we drove home in silence.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BUT as we turned into the avenue, with the change of scene our spirits rose at once. Mrs. Fisher, and Cordelia Grattan, and Miss Bell were all on the portico, waving handkerchiefs. The flag had been flying on the top of the house all day. But a smaller flag was now twined in, somehow, with the vines on the trellis. And as we came near enough to hear, Mary Bell cried, "Victory! Victory!" We did not know what they were cheering about. But as John Fisher threw his reins to the groom, she gave him a despatch. "All is, we have carried the Bloody Third," she cried, "and you owe it to the women!"

"Carried the Third?" said John Fisher with scorn. "Give us news that we can believe for a second, at least."

"Read, read, read! incredulous man! Read it on the housetops." And he read aloud:

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"I hope that I am the first to tell you that we have carried the Third by seven votes. They could not stand against the women, to whom we owe nineteen votes at least. I will come up and tell you when the votes are sealed. GEORGE ROSSITER."

"Who is this to?" said John Fisher.

"It is to me," said Mary Bell, proudly enough, though perhaps provoked a little, both with herself and with him that he had forced the avowal. But the joy of the moment was something behind and beyond all personal annoyances.

"Carried the Third!" repeated Fisher, almost as if he talked to himself. "Miracles are beginning! I should as soon—and Rossiter must be right. He is an inspector there, with two of these hounds against him. They would have died hard. But Rossiter is never fooled. Carried the Third, indeed!"

And he ran into his own telephone-box.

"Hello! Give me 219." Then, after a pause,

"Who is there?" And again:

"Ask Frank if he knows we have carried the Third." And after Frank's reply, inaudible to us, he continued:

"It *is* impossible, but all the same we have done it. We have seven majority." Another pause, while he listened, and then:

"No; there is no possible mistake. Rossiter is there, and we have this from him."

In an instant this miracle had changed the man. "I hope you asked your friend to dine, Mary. The man who sends us such news, ought to be crowned with laurels." And when she said that she had done no such thing, he sent a servant to the public telephone with a message to Mr. Rossiter that he must come up as soon as they could spare him. He would not use his own wire for anything but to receive news.

Such was the beginning of three hours of intense anxiety and curiosity, hope rising and hope deferred and hope prostrated under foot, fear and surprise alternating, such as cannot be forgotten, but as I cannot pretend to describe. By common consent, we gathered in his own den, where was the telephone wire. When the oracle spoke he was almost always the Python, if one may say so, who did what Pythonesses should do when oracles are speaking. But sometimes he deputed Mary Bell, if, as would happen, he was writing or calculating, when the telephone bell rang.

The first news was a set of black reactions from Rossiter's jubilant despatch. Mrs. Edwards had furnished late afternoon tea, and we were still discussing the possible causes of our success in the Bloody Third, when from precinct something in the Fifth comes this dark omen:

"We are nineteen behind our canvass. They are seventy-two ahead of theirs. No one knows why."

"Can you give us the figures?" Fisher replied.

"Two ninety-seven; five thirty-one; nineteen scattering."

There seemed to be no necessity to tell for whom these numbers had voted. Nor was there. Fisher wrote them on the blank sheet he had ready ruled for the forty-four precincts.

"Bad enough," he said to us. "For the other precincts will do worse. And this was at best but a doubtful ward." And then, with his tea, again, he tried to explain to Mrs. Grattan what was the matter there, when the bell struck again.

"Worse and worse," he said, after he had listened. "We shall lose another hundred in the Slab Bridge precinct. That means we lose the Fifth ward." And he sat down again to his cooler tea, and again tried to explain.

Mary Bell put down the figures on the sheet, and asked, "Perhaps their first precinct will do better. May I not ask?"

"Ask? Oh, no! It would only bother them. Hartshorn is there; he will tell as soon as he has anything to tell. He is making them count again, because things look so badly. He has heard from two, and three, and four. Four is of no great account, anyway."

As it happened precinct four spoke at that moment. And, as before, he repeated the figures. She wrote them from his lips. "Two hundred ninety-one; three hundred seventy-four; twenty-one scattering."

"Twenty-one fools in that precinct and only nineteen in William's. How do you account for that, Mary?" This was Fisher's grim comment. She asked what she should put down for Slab Bridge. "Oh, nothing, nothing, till you have the exact numbers! These guesses are nothing."

Then he explained to me and to Stepney, seeing that we were strangely new to all this, that of course we generally received the news from the small precincts first, because those are most easily counted. This is the reason why the first news of our elections is so often undecisive, or as an ignorant public supposes, not confirmed afterwards. The news is true enough. But the small precincts of which the vote can be counted most quickly, though they are first reported, are not usually those which decide things.

"Not but that a small precinct may be the last to come in. They may have a bad counting-board, and one man may make things come out 211, and another 1102, and so you may have to begin all over again. If you have a drunken inspector, or a man who likes to quarrel, you may be all night before the votes are counted and sealed."

"We hold to the old New England traditions," he said, "and we count the votes in 'open meeting,' where any one can see. Of course we take care, that in each precinct, three or four men, who do not drink or steal or lie, shall be looking on."

At this moment a cab rolled up to the door, and George Rossiter joined us. Till this moment I had permitted myself to doubt as to the issue of his walk and talk the last night with Miss Bell. But from this moment I knew. Not that she stepped forward. No. She stepped back. Not that he sought her even with his eye. But that his face and air were of glad, calm certainty. He need not seek her. She was his, without more seeking. I dared to look at her. Again her face was crimson. But her smile of welcome was of absolute pride and joy.

"Where are the laurels for the hero?" This was John Fisher's welcome. And he gave the hero both hands.

"I do not see why I should be called the hero. I only bring the good news. The heroes are Mr. Stepney, who makes the converts; Mr. Mellen who meets the enemy, and you, Mr. Fisher, who direct the campaign."

"As to that," said poor John Fisher, ruefully, "I feel like a general in the war, when the scattered fire tells him that his right is lost in the fog, and his left has given way. Your 'Bloody Third' is all very fine, and we thank you for your news. But what if we lose the Fifth?"

"Lose the Fifth!" cried Rossiter. "Impossible! As well tell me that you have lost the Hill."

Then Mr. Fisher made him look at the fatal figures. And, at this moment, the telephone bell rang, and other figures, which seemed even worse, came from other precincts. George Rossiter entered these, very silent, on the sheet prepared. He looked pale with distress and surprise.

"And we hear of nothing from our friends," said Mrs. Grattan, because she wanted to say something.

"No need to hear from them. Of some things we are sure, or ought to be. As sure as I was of the Hill an hour ago, when I was blue enough, while we were riding home, Mellen." This was Fisher's grim and melancholy answer. "What is it, Bruce? Is Mrs. Edwards dead, or has the kitchen burned down? Bad news comes at once."

Bruce smiled respectfully, and announced dinner.

"Dinner? It is an hour too early." But no; dinner had come, as it generally will come.

"We will wait on ourselves, Bruce. Stay here and call me when the bell rings."

So we went in to dinner. And literally, before dinner was over, Fisher or Rossiter ran to seventeen calls, as so many different precincts announced the totals which were proclaimed successively. The reader should understand, that when this proclamation had been made "in open meeting," a certified copy of it, with the parcels of votes sealed carefully, were sent to the ward room of the ward, where the respective ward officers prepared the full statement of the result. Sometimes there were three precincts in a ward, sometimes four, and sometimes even five.

But till dinner was over, though we had twenty-nine precincts of the forty-four returned, we could only make up two ward returns. And these, oddly enough, reversed exactly the definite canvass on which we had placed so much reliance. We had gained the "Bloody Third," which nobody expected to gain. But we had certainly lost the First, which we carried a year before, and had a fair chance of carrying now. The breweries had been too much for us.

"They naturalized two hundred men there since August," said Fisher, "and there has been free lager and free whiskey on tap for a fortnight."

Actually, at half-past eight o'clock, when we left the dinner table, where we had spent much more time in calculating than in dining, we were more in doubt than we were when we breakfasted that morning. And this, although we knew the result in two-thirds of the city.

"It is just the other third which we do not know," said John Fisher, ruefully.

We gathered, almost of course, in the telephone room again, as if there were any satisfaction in being a few inches nearer to the whispers which sealed our fate. We had scarcely entered, when the bell rang. Fisher put his ear to the voice.

"It is Harkness," he said laughing. And then his face kept the smile as it listened. He put his mouth to the tube and said, "Good for the loyal Seventh! Such figures were never heard of! My love and congratulations to Dr. Witherspoon, and to yourself, my dear boy." Then he listened, and in reply said, "We cannot tell, but you have done your part. Good-bye."

"Such figures were never heard of," he said again, as he turned to the paper and put them down, taking Harkness's full return, and caring no longer for the separate votes of separate precincts. "We" had 2897, and "They" had only 674. "See, Mellen, one ward giving thirty-six hundred votes, when the whole city will not give thirty thousand. There is a gerrymander for you. Because the pirates know we could poll four to their one there. Thirty-six hundred and ninety votes in all. And they have not in the ward thirty-eight hundred on their register. That is what happens when Col. Stothers is willing to soil his gloves, and Dr. Witherspoon to stand as alderman."

And at this moment we heard a carriage drive up at the door. No one rang.

The door flew open, and Mr. Jackson rushed in, unannounced. I had seen him at the house at more than one gathering.

"Have you heard—do you know? I asked Williams to let me bring the news. That is why he did not speak."

"We have heard a great deal," said Fisher. "Some things we did not want to hear."

"We have the Fifth after all! Sixteen clear majority over everything! They were sure of it, and we gave it up, after Slab Bridge caved in so awfully. But your Dutch friends, Mrs. Fisher, came up magnificently in that little precinct by Ofterdom's brewery. That precinct gave us three hundred square, where we expected less than nothing, and the Fifth is clean ours, aldermen, pig-wardens, school-committee, and all. Mrs. Fisher, the victory is yours."

Poor Mrs. Fisher was of all colors; so was John Fisher. Mary Bell was blazing red, and Cordelia Grattan was ashy pale. Mrs. Fisher only said:

"No, no; I did what I could. But I am only a woman. And I speak German so ill."

But by this time even the taciturn Jackson, now so voluble, had forgotten her. He was beside himself in his account of the revulsion of feeling at the ward-room.

"We waited, and we waited, blue enough, I can tell you. You know how bad it was in Slab Bridge, and number four was as bad."

"That was the first vote I had," said Fisher.

"The first any of us had. And we had all the large precincts. Each worse than the other, for I see you have them here. Square one hundred and ninety against us, and Ofterdom's to come in. And the fellows from there knew nothing. The whole day had been quiet, and these Dutchmen, you see, are not wire-men. They are in the leather shops, and no one seems to have known. Why, when the count was over—there, look at it: 464 to 159. Where we expected nothing and worse, the fellows on the spot did not believe it. They would not believe it. They recounted three times and they would be counting now, but your hero, Mrs. Fisher, Jan Hooft, came in with his band, and he swore he would hang them if they did not make up the return and seal the votes. And they could not help it, for four times it had come out the same way. The figures are burned into my brain, 464 to 159.

"When that came up to us, with twenty people to explain, was not the laugh on the other side? See our totals, Mr. Fisher. We have one thousand and sixty-three. They have nine hundred and forty-five and there are one hundred and two scattering. You cannot be everywhere, Mr. Fisher, but you should have been in our ward-room."

And this was the beginning of victory. All the time, now, the telephone bell was ringing, or the door-bell. Rossiter or Fisher or Miss Bell were listening at the telephone, or one or other of us was receiving eager canvassers, who knew they should be welcome. Often, indeed, their news had come before them, but no one was so cruel as to tell them that. Before half-past nine, the whole house was sure of the result. Every maid had blue and white ribbons pinned on her pretty dress, and was dressed as for company. All the men had fresh gentians, tied with white satin in their button-holes. Every face was smiling. Bruce and Barnard, with the Fisher boys and girls assisting, were putting candles in the windows, and by ten o'clock the whole front of the house was illuminated. I found they had all the facilities for this in readiness. The large dining-room was lighted, and wagons began to drive up from the confectioners and caterers, who had been suddenly summoned by wire to send up stores for an impromptu feast, for which even Mrs. Edwards was not ready.

"He would have been very angry," she said to me in an aside, "if I had made the ices when I was not sure."

And people poured in so fast that I could see that all such preparations would not be amiss.

Briefly, we had carried nine wards out of twelve. Some we had swept cleanly, as we even meant to do when the town was districted. Some we had carried by a hair's breadth, as the "Bloody Third," and this fickle Fifth. Even one of the enemy's wards had broken on the aldermen and school-committee, and we had saved good Father O'Reilly, who had been put off their ticket by an infernal conspiracy, as Jackson told me. The victory was complete. Our mayor, who last year only squeezed in by a thousand or so, when the brewery was divided, had a fair majority of five thousand over everything. But this was little, if his hands had been tied. Instead of that, we had the best school-committee we had chosen for years. We had nine out of twelve aldermen, with councilmen in a proportion even larger. One by one, ladies from the neighborhood dropped in. One by one, all the gentlemen I had met at the meetings for consultation dropped in. There had gathered a party of a hundred of the most cheerful people in the world, when a band of music was heard and we all went out upon the large piazza to welcome a delegation. Fisher and the ladies of the house with the children stood together in the portico.

It was the same procession of the wire-workers which we had seen in the morning at the polling places. But, to-night, in a barouche close following the band of music, sat the newly-elected mayor, the president of the Amphions, Jan Hooft and Jan Hooft's daughter, the child whose singing had so delighted me at the school anniversary. The band passed the portico, halted and continued playing till they had come quite to the end of the Lohengrin wedding march, which they played magnificently. A policeman of immense grandeur, who felt the full importance of his position, flung open the door of the carriage, and then waited till the music was finished.

Then the mayor stepped out, handed out Jan Hooft and the little girl, and Mr. Beekman followed them.

Fisher stepped forward and shook hands with all.

The mayor said but a word: "Mr. Fisher, we owe this victory, first to Mr. Jan Hooft, and next to you. It is with pleasure that I see you two join your hands. In such a union Tamworth is safe." Turning to the crowd, he cried, "Three cheers for Jan Hooft and John Fisher!"

And band and crowd cheered with a will.

Jan Hooft almost crushed Fisher's hand in his eager grasp.

"Herr Fisher," he said, and he stopped. "Herr Fisher," and he stopped again. "Herr Fisher, Dutchmen live poor, but they know their friends. They be honest, Herr Fisher. They hate lies, Herr Fisher. I have come mit my daughter, mit all dem people, to dank Madame Fisher for all she am done for dem Dutchmen, when dey was sick and poor, Herr Fisher."

And he looked round, wistfully. He looked at Mrs. Fisher with surprise. Then he saw Mary Bell, cowering behind that lady.

"I see her," he cried gladly; "she shall not be hid. Come, come, come, Elspeth."

And the child by this time caught his wish, rushed forward between Mr. Fisher and Mrs. Fisher, and hid herself as she had on the day of the school celebration, in Mary Bell's arms.

In a moment more, she remembered that she was to give the magnificent bouquet she brought to her benefactress. She did so.

"She be one little girl, Mrs. Fisher," said Jan Hooft to Mary Bell. "She cannot say nothing, she be so happy. But all de Dutch women in the town, Frau Fisher, know who be de friend who saved me, wen dat hound had me under he foot, Frau Fisher, and de Dutch men, who be poor, Frau Fisher, but be honest, and de Dutch women, Frau Fisher, dey send you dem flowers, Frau Fisher, mit deir love, Frau Fisher, und deir danke."

John Fisher recovered himself in this long speech. Mary Bell kissed the child, and led her into the house.

Fisher stepped forward, and cried, "Three cheers for Jan Hooft and all honest men!" and the crowd cheered lustily.

"Now come in, men," he said, more colloquially. "Come in! Come in! Have something to eat. We have no lager, Walter," he said to one of them, "but I believe there is cold water."

And the crowd passed in. Not one person in a hundred knew what had passed, or understood the incident.

From that time till midnight, we were shaking hands, congratulating, welcoming and being welcomed. Every man who had a right arm was carrying out pails of coffee, and lemonade, and drinks without a name, but without spirit, upon the piazza.

"Have you forgiven me, Beekman, that I slept so soundly the night you serenaded us, or was it the ladies you serenaded? They heard you, as I think you know." This was John Fisher's apology to the Amphions.

And Beekman intimated, with a laugh, that in the joy of the victory, all was forgiven and forgotten.

CHAPTER XXVII, AND LAST.

I SLEPT wretchedly that night.

Were it not that I remember, too well, Mrs. Fisher's exaggerations, in speaking of such matters, I should say that I did not sleep at all.

Was it that I had drunk too often from the fragrant Mocha, at the forty-four Ladies' Rallying Rooms which I had visited? Or had I forgotten my own rules, when tempted in the evening by Mrs. Edwards's handiwork, at our own house?

Was the victory such a marvel, that I must lie awake all night to think over the details?

Or, alas, was it, that to my careful watchfulness, the triumphant evening left no longer one quiver of uncertain hope as to Miss Bell's likes or dislikes among her admirers?

Or, alas, again; was it this mystery which connected her so certainly with the affair of the necklace? Was she capable of pawning a tinsel gewgaw for money, even if she had the excuse that she was to use the money for the noblest purpose? And had she not willingly left me in the notion which she knew I had, as Jan Hooft had, that it was Mrs. Fisher had done that bad thing?

All together, I did not sleep, or did not think I did. Had there been a serenade that night, I should surely have been the first to know it.

And I was, naturally enough, the first in the breakfast-room.

But John Fisher joined me soon. He was radiant.

"Surely life is worth living," he said, "when things can be done so cleanly and thoroughly. How can anybody doubt of the people, if you only make the people to care for itself?"

I stammered out some congratulation. He really did not observe that I was so dull.

"I am used to surprises," he said. "The unexpected is what happens. But not the unexpected all along the line. Our ladies are late," he said, "and as for the children, I would not have them called. Once a year, and after a glorious victory, they may sleep over."

At this moment one of the maids came in to say that Mrs. Grattan was in the conservatory and sent word that she would be in, in a few minutes, when Donald had given her some more roses.

"Mrs. Fisher will not be down," he said, "but where is Miss Bell?" The girl smiled, and said she saw Miss Bell go out in the garden.

"Oh, then it is all right," said Fisher, laughing. "Rossiter breakfasts with us and they will be in by the time the coffee is cold." And he rang for breakfast.

We were alone together, and I might as well make him solve my mysteries.

"Mr. Rossiter and Miss Bell understand each other very well," I said, doubtfully.

"I do not see why there should be any mystery to you," he said. "I am not at liberty to say anything. But I cannot help your guessing what you choose. He is a fine fellow and she is a queen among women. Nothing could be better—if they choose to engage themselves," he added, as if to save himself from telling anything.

"Yet I cannot understand," blundered I. "You would not have thought, that even for such a purpose, she would have pawned a necklace."

"Mary Bell pawn the necklace!" Poor Fisher looked as if I had struck him. "She never saw the necklace. Yet but for her, it would have ruined us all."

"She certainly used the money," I said coolly. "She certainly paid Jan Hooft's debts."

"And why should she not pay his debts if she chose to? Miss Bell's fortune is three millions, if it is a cent. Her charities are not of the advertised kind, but no woman in America handles money more freely and more wisely. Is it possible you did not know this before?"

I said no, and the reader knows that this was so. I said that something he said to me in the mill had taught me that Mrs. Grattan was a rich woman, but I had supposed that his niece, if Miss Bell were his niece,—she often called him Uncle John,—owed her home to his kindness, and to the same kindness owed her freedom from daily toil and from anxiety.

John Fisher looked at me with amazement as I said all this, and then said very frankly:

"That looks well for her—and for you," he added, after a pause.

"I am not the only person so deceived," I said. "Mr. Rossiter took my advice on Monday, as to whether, with fifteen hundred dollars a year, he could make a home which should be fit for her."

"Did Rossiter ask that? By Jove! I like him better than ever. Hush! Here they are."

Here they were. She came in radiant with beauty and happiness.

George Rossiter was radiant with manly pride. They held each other's hands for one moment in the hall. Then she turned abruptly to me.

"Mr. Mellen, we need have no secrets from you. You have been our true friend and we know you will be."

At this moment, Cordelia Grattan pinned a bunch of exquisite roses in the breast of her dress.

And I was able, in a blundering way, to say I knew their life would be very happy.

THE END.

Woman's Work in Philanthropy.

WHEN the alphabet is pretty well learned, and often before, we begin to spell. When we can spell out the first page of a story fairly well, we do not read it over and over, we turn the leaf. We do not destroy the primer. There it is for the younger or slower child, but those who can spell need not wait for those who cannot.

For more than a dozen years now, the world has been learning a new charity, and its first syllables have been spelled over and over until it seems about time to turn the leaf. Not everybody knows the fundamental facts relative to pauperism, disease, and crime, but a good many people do know, and these make a class who are ready to move on. There's another class who never get beyond the interrogation point. These are the people, who, if they have a cold, spend more energy than is needed to cure it, in finding out where they got it, and never become quite sure enough to prevent taking another. Too much so-called investigation stops just short of finding out anything that was not known before, and inquirers seem to forget that deep sea soundings are not taken with a floating, leadless line. The question of pauperism is a deep one. Down far below the shallows lie the causes, and far below the causes lies the cure, and we cannot hope to touch bottom with any but a long line, and a straight one, and one with a weight at the end. Some such lines, strong, well weighted with common sense, with discrimination, with practical purpose to bring about a better state of things, have been cast by skilful hands for many years. Such lines touch facts; such facts are the alphabet that we have been learning, till just how heavy and how terrible and how distributed is the load of misery under which the whole world groaneth and travaileth in pain, is already known.

The causes deduced from those facts are the easy, one-syllabled reading of the story. Further on are the pages that treat of prevention and of cure. The way out of much of all this complex misery must be somewhere ahead. It is time to turn the leaves.

But is it not much to have learned that the old methods of helpfulness were often wrong, that we have given money to pauperize the pauper, license to help the drunkard to his destruction, sympathy to encourage in a thousand ways the very evils we meant to check? Yes, conviction is a good thing, but a sound conversion not only ceases to do evil, but learns to do well. Still the suffering and the shame of things remain, and women who are content with having found out the realities, and with congratulating themselves on having "views" upon charitable topics, should not pause there. Turn the next leaf. Select something that needs to be done. Find out *all* other women are trying to do in that one direction. Make a straight line for the bottom of it. Find all the fault you can honestly with other people's methods, but don't mistake your fault-finding for work, and take to yourself the credit of getting the right thing done, while you have really not gone beyond finding out what is wrong. It is time to turn another leaf. To see a wrong, a misery, a mistake, is important; to point it out to other people is desirable; but to find a better way—is essential.

THE LAST OF THE SUMMER.

BY MARY L. DICKINSON.

I.

I SEE them again, my own hill-lands,
The mountains I used to know,
When my shadows were falling westward,
And my days were all aglow
With the sun of long ago.

II.

I have no need to remember,
The picture of each old place ;
For the touch of the young September
On Nature's familiar face,
Has given the old-time grace.

III.

The grace of the day, when the sunshine,
Creeps softly and slow toward the west,—
The faint, nameless shade, scarce a shadow,
That holds a dim promise of rest,
Which marks its own hour as the best.

IV.

The grace which the dying summer
Threw like a mantle, down
On forest, and field, and woodland
Where, living, she wore her crown,
Her crown, in the dust laid down.

V.

It hangs o'er the hillside forest,
In many a misty fold,
And the life is gone from the greenness,
And the mountains look blighted and cold
Like strong men, suddenly old.

VI.

The tender green of the grasses
Is changed to a lifeless gray ;
I have seen the velvet cushions,
In places where penitents pray,
That looked like the fields to-day.

Lend a Hand.

VII.

And the whole earth seems a temple,
 Where, notes of praise between,
 An undertone of sorrow
 Echoes in aisles of green,
 For a loved and disrowned queen.

VIII.

And the gay and glorious autumn
 Reluctant comes to reign,
 As if it shrank from startling
 With light and joy again,
 This vague unspoken pain.

IX.

Yet a crimson banner flying
 From one lone maple tree,
 Gives to the wind a promise
 Of glory that will be
 When the summer shade shall flee.

X.

But the woods may burn with color,
 And the sun the hill-tops kiss;
 From all their royal robing,
 My heart a charm shall miss,
 And no day be like this.

XI.

I shall open mine eyes to the glory,
 I shall join the harvest praise;
 But I cannot carry over
 Into the gayer ways
 What died in the summer days.

"I HAVE been wont to say that I have known three real educators: One is President Eliot of Harvard, before he was president, when he was a tutor of mathematics and assistant professor of chemistry. He was one of the educators who believed not only in teaching truths, but in hammering them in; and so, not content with teaching mathematics, he formed a band of his students to make a survey of

the town of Cambridge. Another of the trio is Gen. Armstrong of Hampton, Va., the wonderful results of whose labors among the Freedmen and Indians are due to just this 'hammering in.' And the third is 'Wackford Squeers,' who had the right principle of education when he taught his boys to spell 'horse,' and then told them to go and rub him down."—*George L. Chaney.*

TRUE STORY OF THE ORIGIN OF THE FALLBERG ORPHANS' HOME.

BY M. L. DICKINSON.

It was a sunny room in a low, square brick house, just on the outskirts of a New England country town. It was morning. It was June. Vines crept to the rafters and swayed in the wind. Roses clambered over the porch. Half a mile away, in the main street of Fallberg, between a dry goods store and a tin shop, stood another low brick building, with no porch and no vines and no roses. Over its doorway hung a black, gilt-lettered sign,—“Robert Moore, M. D.” Behind the door a little office. Behind the office a tiny sitting-room and bedroom. On the wall of the office, books and a diploma in a frame. On the walls of the bedroom, more books and a white-haired lady, *also* in a frame.

From brick office to brick homestead, a long, straight, dusty road. Down it on this June morning shambled Aaron, “Aunt Miranda’s hired man,” and back with him shortly after went the Doctor, for Aunt Miranda was having, as Aaron expressed it, “a sort of a kind of a spell.”

It was an ill-matched pair of shadows that they cast by the roadside as they went,—the straight, young Doctor in his summer suit, and Aaron, whose bent shoulders lifted his blue smock frock until it showed behind, the “galluses” that gave his yellow nankeen “overalls” a hang and hitch peculiarly their own.

“Sorry, Aaron, but my horse cast a shoe, and is round at the blacksmith’s. I fancy I can save time by walking.”

“Wa’al, jest as you’d ruther. I can edge along putty considable spy, and when I was your age I used to calklate that I could git to teown ’bout’s quick’s I could hitch up. Besides, I’d know’s

there’s any such tearin’ hurry. Ef ’twan’t for scarin’ and worryin’ Mildred, I’d jest try lettin’ Aunt Mirandy be. But Mildred, she’s jest as much afraid the old lady’s goin’ to go off the next spell’s ef she hadn’t lived through t’other, but I’ve an idee that she’ll live to worry Mildred into her grave;” and the old man gave the Doctor an anxious look from under his shaggy brows.

“No, no; not so bad as that. We mustn’t let *that* happen. We must cure her. And where a nurse is so fond of a patient as Miss Worth is of her aunt, nursing is not so hard.”

“Yes, yes. Mildred is fond of her, and naterally enough. She come right here when Mildred’s father and mother died, and while she was a speck of a girl she kind of mothered her, but nowadays the motherin’s all on t’other side.”

“But what could have made such a change, Aaron?” asked the Doctor.

“Wa’al, the good Lord only knows. ’Spose ’twas that tarnal old gray mare that begun it.”

The Doctor looked surprised.

“Yes, ’twuz,” said Aaron, decidedly, “and she always blamed me for it, too.”

“Who blamed you? The mare?”

“No: Aunt Mirandy. You see Aunt Mirandy was real kinder chirpy and high-steppin’ in them days. Considerable style about her, and Sundays she used to like to roll round the curve, and jest sort er sweep up to the meetin’-house, and I knew that jest as well’s ef she said so; and one Sunday mornin’ I see Deacon Fosdick on the church steps. He was a widdener them days, and I used to reckon ef he hadn’t been so all-fired bald-headed that

mebby Mirandy would 'a' hed him; but mebby agin she wouldn't. But when I see him I jest gave the gray mare a lick and she went round that curve by the moner-mint, the one that says, 'Here lies the dead, that fit and bled,' like a whole tearin' circus. But darned ef the breechin' didn't break, and jest as we was comin' up with a spurt we went whizzin' out er that wagon like all possessed."

The Doctor's amused look changed to one of attention. "Spine injured; nervous shock!" he muttered, under his breath.

"Wa'al, mebby so," said Aaron, calmly; "but the heft of the shock seemed to come on her bunnit and a new yaller parasol that she set great store by. Them two saved her life, though some folks DID say they lost her the deacon. Ye see, she jest pitched head fust into that canary-colored umberell, and it busted and let the tail feathers of that ere summer bunnit clean through the hole, and when they set her up on the ground with that yaller thing shet down like a soup-plate round her face she was about the maddest and the mortifiedest creeter ye ever see."

"But were you not hurt? The wonder is that you escaped with your lives."

"Wa'al, the wagon, that was pretty well smashed, and the old gray mare, she gin cout completely arter that; and Mirandy—well, Mirandy's spine got a yank, so the doctors said, but it seemed to me's ef her disposition suffered mor'n anythin' else. From that time she began to have what I call tantrums, sech kinks in her ideas as took all Mildred's goodness to unsnarl. She kinder acted's ef the Lord had wound up the univarse and set it runnin' jest to spite her. Didn't nothin' go right, and the harder ye tried the more it didn't suit. She talked as ef I had licked that ere mare jest a-purpose to heave her onto the meetin'-house steps. 'Sef I'd resk my neck and kill the mare and break my bones to spite her."

"Break your bones? Were you injured, then?"

"Wa'al, nothin' to speak of—nothin' to mind. Jest one leg and t'other arm, and a kind of ginerall rackin' of the rest of the bones. Hain't never stood up straight sence, and it left a kind of a jerk in my walk, but then I manage to edge along and git over the greound, somehow; and that's what we're here fur, I reckon, to git over the greound, Lord knows. Easy enough to go to bed and have a spell, and have Miss Mildred runnin' with plasters and poultices and gruel, and she'd do it, too, for a poor old hired man as quick as she would for Mirandy, but me nor Nancy—that's my wife—we couldn't 'low it as long as we could crawl."

"Pity you couldn't have put some of your spirit into Miss Mirandy, Aaron."

"Wa'al, I hev kinder hinted round and tried to set her an example," said the old man mildly. "'Twan't my place to preach, but once I jest mentioned to the minister that I didn't see how anybody could be so 'tarnally twisted and exactin' ef they hadn't lost their religion, and I kinder let on that up t'our house there was a chance for some seed-droppin'. And the minister, he jest happened to happen in often after that, and kinder talked and prayed REOUND Aunt Mirandy and AT her, and how d'ye think she took it? Why one day she jest broke cout and told him she was much 'bleeged to him for tryin' to help Aaron—that's me—into a more believin' state; that she had noticed that my infirmities was a-makin' of me kinder waspish and set in my ways."

There was hardly time for the smile on the Doctor's face to sober into professional gravity when the door of the brick house opened, and a young girl in white stepped out upon the porch, and, shading her eyes with her hand, peered anxiously down the road. Another moment, and Aaron was left to "git over the ground" as best he might, and Dr. Moore was standing, hat in hand, gazing questioningly into Mildred's eyes.

"You are more than usually anxious,

my darling," he said. "I could not come sooner; I had no horse."

"No, Robert; this attack is not worse than usual, but somehow I needed your help more. Auntie has come back from the Springs, but"—the girl's voice broke and she turned her face away.

"But she has discovered that I love you. Is that it?" he said, tenderly drawing her within the shadow of the vines. "Well, except that it makes it harder for you, I should not be sorry. You know she will have to know some time, and I thought it would be better to tell her at first. Do not be troubled. She will not think I have taken you from her after she finds that I try as hard as you do to make her life happy."

"But she will not see you. She declares you have come here as her trusted physician, and have stolen away her child! She will never see you again."

"Then she did not send for me?"

"No, I did. She frightens me, Robert, with the violence of her feeling."

"Gettin' over the ground slowly, THEY be; edgin' along, but gittin' over the ground," muttered Aaron as he came stumping up the walk. "I've gin him an inklin' of how things be, and if he ain't smart enough to step in and save Mildred, then he ain't deservin' of her. And them's the views of Miss Mirandy's hired man," he added, as he shouldered a hoe and limped away to the garden.

"She need not frighten you, beloved," Robert went on. "Aaron has been telling me something that helps me to understand her case. Believe me, she can be cured, or if she is not"—and his face took an air of decision—"I shall see that my darling is taken beyond the power of her moods."

"Don't call them moods, Robert; she is really ill, and of course I could never leave her, and if she continues to dislike you you cannot come here. The home—stead is hers; she has a right to say who shall be in it. Grandfather left it so that

if one child died the other should have it, and all the years before this illness she was a real mother to me."

"But that is no reason why your whole life should be sacrificed to an unreasonable and hysterical old lady's whims. Come, let us go and beard the lion in her den,"—and he put his arm lightly about her and entered the house.

In a pleasant room, whose window opened on that same vine-clad porch, reclining in an invalid chair, "the unreasonable and hysterical old lady" lay—a comely old woman, too—with bands of silver hair above a fretful brow.

"So you call them whims, do you?" was her greeting. "Well, I will excuse you from any further professional services, for I don't care to pay a doctor's bill for whims. I heard you. Yes, I heard you! You could speak softly enough until you had stolen my child, but now there is no reason for tempering your voice, lest a hysterical old woman should hear the epithets you apply to her. And SHE can listen to you; *she* who has eaten my bread and slept under my roof and been dependent on me for every breath. No, don't answer me; go away, go away both of you—out of my sight," she said, as Mildred moved toward her with open arms; "out of my house, both, and at once. I will live and die alone before I will have you near."

"Oh, Auntie," began Mildred, while Aaron, called from his dinner in the kitchen by the unusual vehemence, stood for a moment in the doorway, and then said, "Come, now, Aunt Mirandy, ain't you edgin' along a leetle too fast? Now, I ain't no business to meddle, but really you air goin' too fur;" but the woman glared at him with such angry eyes that he was glad to retreat, while Robert put his arm around Mildred, and drew her gently out of the room.

"Oh, Robert, let me go back; I must do something for her."

"There's nothing to be done just now.

Your presence would only make her worse."

"Go out of my house, both of you, go at once where I can neither hear nor see you," came in angry tones through the half-shut door.

"O, Robert, if I only knew what was best to do!"

"Do what she tells you; come away! Be sure it will be the best thing you can do, both for her and for yourself and for me. Poor old soul! She is not bedridden. She could never have heard my words if she had not left her chair and crossed the floor. She is ill, but be sure your remedy of yielding and coaxing is not the one for her case. She orders you away daily. Now go. I not only believe it would make me the happiest of men but it would be first step in her cure if you took her at her word."

"I jest see Parson Ferris ridin' down there past the gate," said Aaron, thrusting his head in at the door, "and I kinder beckoned to him to come up this way; didn't know but Aunt Mirandy or somebody might find it comfortin' to see him."

Before the old minister could dismount from his horse, Robert was at his side.

"I have feared for some time it would come to this," said the pastor kindly, "and yet I don't like to advise."

"Don't advise, then," said Robert impetuously. "Mildred will consent. It is the only way in which I can get control of the nervous conditions of her aunt."

Slowly the old man dismounted, and shaking his head as if it were a bad piece of business altogether, followed Robert into the house.

Twenty minutes later, Aaron called in at the kitchen door to Nancy, who had taken care of Miss Mirandy's kitchen as long as Aaron had been her hired man.

"Put on a clean apron and slick up all you kin in jest two minutes, not more, or Mildred 'll change her mind! Run down to the summer house under the elm at

the foot of the garden. We want ye for a witterness."

"What, Aaron? What is it?"

"Nothin' much, only they seem to be gittin' over the greound a little. I've ketched the parson jest in the nick er time."

"Who, Aaron? What is the matter?"

"Git yer clean apron, Nancy! Who? them two. Come! edge along!" and away he went down the path with Nancy behind tying her apron as she went.

And there under the elm tree she had always loved, though it was not such a wedding as Mildred had dreamed of, they were married; and thence, after one more attempt to enter the presence of the inexorable aunt, they went away.

It was a happy and a sad little flight, their brief wedding journey, only a drive in the buggy that would hold two if they sat close enough, to a neighboring town where they passed a day with the sweet, white-haired woman, Robert's mother, whose picture hung above his bed. Mildred was not willing to go farther or to stay long, hoping against hope every hour that she might be permitted to return to the bedside of her relenting aunt. Of Mirandy, Aaron's report came daily to the little brick office building which now became, practically, her home.

"She's kinder edgin' along," said Aaron, hopefully. "She ain't so all-fired contrary as she wuz. Some er them books and picters er yourn she told Nancy to put out of sight, and then when Nancy went for 'em she said, 'Cover 'em up, let 'em be. I don't want yer hands to wait on me after you've been tetchin' them things.' And Nancy, she's got gumption. She let 'em be, only she forgot to kiver 'em over. So Aunt Mirandy, she's kinder edgin' along."

And Mildred tried to be comforted while the summer drifted away and the following winter wore into spring.

"Don't you be no ways discouraged," said Aaron; "on the outside, she's as

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sick as ever, but on the inside, she's awfully tired of keepin' it up. Fact is, she's been spitin' herself and pityin' herself and blamin' her niece for leavin' her in that tryin' state of health till she's 'bout beat out and wants to get well, only she's too contrary to do it. Arter telling her that your desertin's goin' to kill her, you see she's mad 'cause she can't die. So one thing pulls one way and one 'other, and 'mongst 'em all, she's edgin' along; she's gittin' over the ground."

"What new Doctor is she trying now?" asked Mildred, who could not rid herself of the feeling that her Robert could have cured her long ere this if she would only have let him try.

"Wa'al," drawled Aaron, "she's restin' jest for a spell, I reckon; she's tried e'namost every kind. She sent me post-haste off to Winchester for that big allopath; but she soon sent him flyin'; his doses was too big. Then she tried the homeopath, Dr. Dow, and his doses was too finicky. Then she became a vegetarian and not a bite er meat would she eat; and then, over she went, like a hot flapjack on a griddle, and told us she was goin' to be a Saulsburyan, that is, a person who only eats meat. So Dr. Salsbury writ and prescribed hot water and beefsteak for breakfast, and beefsteak and bilin' water for dinner, and more hot water the fust thing in the mornin' and the last thing at night. Wa'al, that didn't last long, and then there was the electrician who made her yell, and the clairvoyant who scared her e'namost into fits, clutchin' and clawin' in her trances, and the Indian yarb doctor who made the house smell 'sef he was bilin' down all creation."

Mildred laughed in spite of her inward distress at the dreary catalogue of efforts.

"Oh, I forgot the mind cure and the faith cure and Warner's safe Kidney and Liver cure. Them three was the queerest of the lot."

"You don't mean to say she tried

those?" asked Robert with the regular practitioner's scorn in his tone.

"Yes, she did, but somehow they wouldn't seem to work. She got disgusted with the mind cure and said 'twas clear that was only intended for people who had no minds of their own, and as for the faith cure, the good sister who came up from down below—"

"Down below?" repeated Robert in great surprise.

"Wa'al, down to Boston, that's what we alwus call down below in these parts," said Aaron. "She come and she set up a kind of a chronic prayer-meetin' right in the house, and me and Nancy we was called in so often and at sech onaccountable times to jine in that we hardly had a chance to do the chores. The minister he come up too, and he jined, but somehow, Nancy'n me, we didn't hev so much faith's we'd orter, considerin' the woman had been fetched all the way from Boston. Anyhow, it didn't seem to take, and one day the woman said 'twan't no airthly use anintin' anybody that bore malice, and she was afeard Miss Mirandy wasn't quite forgivin' enough to fill the bill. Then the fat was in the fire, and Mirandy told her she'd excuse her from ministratin' any further, that if the Lord wanted to heal her he'd heal her, ile or no ile, and she didn't pay her fare both ways from Boston and throw in her board to hev her meddle with her family affairs. And arter that Mirandy she was kinder set back and more bed-rid than ever. And then come the great Doctor from New York that she was put out with because he told her nothin' under the sun ailded her but highsterics and that meant as a general thing, a little providential affliction and a good many tempers and tantrums, and that she could walk from home to meetin' or to mill whenever she got ready."

"Brave doctor that," said Robert.

"Yes, and do you know I believe she liked him best after all, for she wasn't

half so cross to him as she was to the one that told her she would probably never set foot to ground again. 'Well, if I do, no thanks to you,' she snapped, and paid his fee and sent him flyin'. She blew up t'other one too, but she told Nancy not to let him go without a good square meal er vittles, that she wouldn't even turn a fool away hungry."

"Poor thing!" said Mildred, compassionately, "I wonder if she will ever be well."

"Yes, yes, you never fear," said Robert.

"Yes, she's edgin' along, and some day the good Lord'll send somethin' to break her heart, and that'll set her on her legs again, and then she'll jest up and put with all her might for the Kingdom. Lord! but when she gits a-goin' in the right direction won't she git over the ground!"

Robert gave a quick glance of warning to Aaron, for Mildred's face was sad. What could break Aunt Miranda's heart and let love and kindness in again except something dreadful should happen to her?

They sat long and talked after Aaron had shuffled away home, and the night that settled down upon the town was clear and cool, with a high west wind making itself felt at every crack and cranny.

Suddenly from midnight slumbers Robert awoke. A red glare in the sky, a strange, lurid, flickering shadow going and coming on the panes. Over the way, not many hundred yards from his gate, stood the old almshouse of the town. Flames had seized upon it, and were stretching their writhing coils already from window to window. He rushed into the open air. A crowd, swaying and shouting, and above them the cries of a huddled group of children rescued from the burning walls. Mildred stood at her window and watched.

Suddenly at a casement of the burning building a little form appeared. A great cry of anguish went up from the crowd.

They had believed the children all saved. Even while she looked the ladders were thrown up in the very whirl of the blinding smoke. Then there was a pause, and every man in all the throng seemed to hold his breath. But the child's frightened cry rang forth again, and a woman's form sprang toward the ladder. As she touched it, Robert, who had run across from his home, reached and brushing her aside, ran swiftly up the steps into the tossing waves of smoke. A minute more—an awful minute for Mildred—and he came down again, and laid the child in the arms of the woman waiting at the ladder's foot.

"Thank God, Robert! thank God!" she said, seizing his arm as he turned away. He started and looked at her—"Miranda, Aunt Miranda."

"Yes, Robert. I saw the flames. I thought it was your house."

"And you came; Aaron brought you?"

"No! I walked; I ran; I got here in time to see this child at the window. See! it is one of poor Mary Driscoll's twins. Before she died, she asked me to give them a home, and I wouldn't. I let them come to this place instead."

"You will take her home now?"

"Yes, and all the rest. Send for Aaron. We shall have room enough. I want them all. Oh, Robert! oh, Mildred!" she cried, bursting into tears; "I want them all. I could take all the orphan children in the world, and not fill the hungry place left by the one I have lost."

"Not lost, Auntie," said Mildred, who, losing sight of her husband, had rushed over into the crowd. "Never lost, Auntie! I am here; and I want the friend who was a mother to me, as you will be to these poor frightened little ones. Come, Robert; I will go up with you, and we will soon have them safely tucked away."

"And will you stay, Mildred? Your room is always ready. Will you stay, and let me take care of you, too?"

"Yes, Auntie dear, but can you keep

us all,—all the rest of the orphans and Robert and me?"

"Yes, all, and always. I always wanted poor Mary's children, though I wouldn't own it; and I was afraid of giving myself care and trouble. But now I'll take them, and all the rest." And in her excitement she bent and lifted a little child on either arm.

At this moment Aaron appeared upon the scene, hot and panting with haste and fright at discovering his mistress was gone. For a moment he looked at the

group, and then, taking up a child in his arms, he turned and headed the procession toward the old brick house.

"Let's be edgin' along," he said softly. "She's started for the Kingdom, Mirandy is, and if we don't move on she'll beat us all in 'gittin' over the greound." I always said 'twould come, and it has come. Sometimes 't seems 'sef the Lord kinder hung back and shirked his work with human natur; but whether we see it or whether we don't, he's always edgin' along."

BOND-SERVANTS.

It was in the horse cars; that place, sacred it would seem to confidences, since he who listens may hear, family history, household details, and personal experience of every description, given at the top of the speaker's lungs, with a calm conviction that only speaker and hearer are the wiser. To the ears that are open, comes sometimes through the flood of petty revelation, some bit of pure wisdom, some sparkling saying, some sudden flash of insight, that give new meaning to the day, and as often, sad or bitter commentary on what is part of our own lives. Of this latter order are the words heard yesterday:

"You think that slavery is done with and that the Emancipation proclamation settled all that! I tell you there is no slavery on earth like the slavery of the rich. Bond-servants every one, sold to their money and driven by it, like cattle to the shambles. What do they know outside their round of dinners and receptions, and posing forever in fresh costumes? Oh, they are sold, body and soul!"

The speaker was a fiery little brunette, evidently, from dress and manner, a part

of the world she decried, with just sense enough of the bondage involved, to long for escape. And her words were emphasized not an hour later at a reception, where the hostess, worn by a winter of ceaseless dissipation, said to her latest guest:

"I'm sorry it's so stupid this afternoon, but then you know if this were not stupid, something else might be more so. It's all alike."

This and many another forlorn summary of what life comes apparently to mean to those for whom work is not a necessity, stand as the final judgment, the ultimate analysis of what wealth does for many of its owners. How to "lend a hand" toward the bringing a new outlook into their lives, has already begun to puzzle the thinker, a writer in a recent number of a popular review saying of these helpless rich women: "In some ways they are more restricted than the woman who sews for them. The wife of a teamster, if she has the time, can take up any remunerative employment, and her friends neither question nor repudiate her. The wife of a millionaire, possessed of unlimited leisure, must be idle. For

'he also is idle who might be better employed.' If she can endure the epithet 'peculiar,' she may give her life to the investigation and improvement of tenement houses, or devote herself to a particular line of study; otherwise, her work for her fellow-men and women will be confined to charity balls and fashionable bazaars. To do aught which would bring her a return in money is not to be thought of for an instant."

In the midst of our innumerable mis-

sions to the poor, is it not time that some one projected a mission to the rich? If sad eyes look out from over-worked and haggard faces, no less sad are the eyes that look only upon ease, and know no struggle save the struggle for larger place or fuller power. What shall we do with our poor? is a daily question, but no less perplexing, and of quite as imperative an order, is the one asked to-day, "What shall we do with our rich?"

THE NEW YORK TRAINING HOME.

THE Industrial Education Association has "lent a hand" to every house-mother in the country, by opening a Training Home for domestic servants. Although at present only fifteen young women can share its benefits at one time, it cannot but be that the influence of this "little haven" will be widely, if slowly, felt.

The plan of the home is admirable. Young women are received for a term of three months, free of charge, and are carefully instructed, first in the fundamentals of home duty, house-work, plain cooking and plain sewing, which every wife and mother needs to understand, and after that in more skilful labor in one or more departments of domestic service—fine cooking, fine laundry work, the nicer and more thorough care of household belongings.

The three months' training being ended, a situation is procured for each pupil of the class, and kind friends of the home see to it that no girl goes out from it without a proper provision of suitable clothing. For the three months one-fourth of her wages must be returned to the home. At the end of that time, if the girl has given satisfaction to her mistress, a certificate is given her by the

matron of the home—a slip of paper well worth to her far more than the pains she has taken to deserve it.

Perhaps in all these careful arrangements not one is so valuable as that provision by which the girl is required to bring at stated times a stated portion of her earnings to the home. The weekly or monthly visit to the matron, in whom she has learned to find a friend, the sympathetic hearing of the little trials and disappointments and perplexities which have fallen to the young girl's lot, the wise counsel, the exhortation to patience, the suggestions how to meet and bear the little burdens that seem so large—the value of all this cannot be overestimated. Who shall reckon up the times when the confidence thus won may save from grave mistake, or even from utter wreck, these thoughtless, half-developed woman-souls? The matron of such a home has opportunities most blessed, and she herself will probably never know the half of the good she will have done.

It is very evident that the girls who come out of this home will be at a premium. It is the aim of its founders to raise its prestige to such a standard by the worth of the instruction and the influ-

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ences it will offer, that a vacant place in it shall be as eagerly sought as is now the case in the Training School for Nurses. The good that it will do, the change it will effect in home comfort, can perhaps best be estimated by those who, having in the illnesses of former years been left to the tender mercies of the Sairey Gamps and the Betsey Priggs, have in later times of suffering been ministered to by the soft-voiced, gentle-handed, watchful-eyed women of the training schools.

The fact that there is such a training

home as this ought to be spread widely abroad. Hundreds of well-meaning girls who are breaking their hearts over tasks beyond their skill, and blunting their consciences by taking pay for services which they know they do not perform, would rejoice in the opportunity to make themselves really competent for their work. And if any woman of influence is interested in a single young working-girl, and every one ought to be, she can do her no greater kindness than to induce her to go to such a place of instruction as this.

L. S. H.

TOILERS OF THE CITY.

BY CLARA MARSHALL.

VI.—The Saleslady.

"Oh, why don't you say shop-girl, Miss Wolfe?" exclaimed Lou Neville, on hearing her friend use the more euphonic title. "'A rose by any other name would smell as sweet,' and a shop-girl by any other name would be as impudent and disobliging."

"Because a shop-girl calls herself a saleslady and likes other people to call her so, which being the case, it is very ill-bred in other people not to comply with her wishes—at any rate when she is in hearing; and I do so at all times to keep myself in practice."

"Well, then, it is a comfort to me to know that I never called a shop-girl a shop-girl in her hearing. But what were you going to say about this particular saleslady, this Angie Moore?"

"I only remarked that she was the best financier that I ever knew. You wouldn't have supposed, if you had seen that girl behind the counter, that she received only five dollars a week. She is

an orphan and lives in a Working Women's Home where she pays three dollars a week for her board. She does her washing in the evening at the house of a well-to-do relative. She pays for what coal she consumes, but the generous cousin does not charge her a cent for the wear and tear of the wash-board and irons."

"Don't be sarcastic, Miss Wolfe. It's not your forte. And don't tell Papa about this girl. He will say more than ever about 'throwing away money,' as he calls it. By the way, wasn't it for Angie Moore that Mrs. Horton gave you that gray merino dress? I shouldn't have supposed that Mrs. Horton had such a plain thing in her wardrobe."

"It was not one of her own dresses. She wouldn't show so little judgment as to give a girl one of her fashionable and expensive costumes to wear at her work. She bought it ready-made, after measuring Angie with her eye, as the girl was showing her some untrimmed hats. An-

gie had an attack of pneumonia early in the fall, and having a long doctor's bill to pay, she could not, with all her contrivance, manage to buy the new dress she expected to get this winter. She had worn a black cashmere for three winters, and though she had turned it and sponged it, and done all she could for it, it had grown so rusty that it was noticed by the fore-woman in Angie's department, who said, 'Miss Moore must come to the store in better clothes or not come at all.' Angie replied that she could not afford a better dress, unless her salary were raised to six dollars a week. The fore-woman, who, it seems, owns an interest in the store, said that if her salary did not suit her, she was welcome to leave, but as long as she came to the store, she must come in a decent dress, *no matter how she got it*. Mrs. Horton supposes the girl was expected to beg or steal the dress; the Matron of the Home to whom Angie told the story, and who told it to me, said her employers would not care if she sold her soul for it. The very day I told Mrs. Horton the story she went with me to the store and bought a hat for her little girl and got a look at Angie. That same fore-woman was all servility to Mrs. Horton, who, as usual, was carrying several hundred dollars on her head and back. I could not help remarking on it afterwards. 'Yes,' replied Mrs. Horton, 'my husband's purse commands a good deal of respect—without it I should be treated just as poor Angie is.'

"If Mrs. Horton is so interested in Angie," asked Lou, "why doesn't she find her a place as nursery-governess, or something of that kind, and get her away from that woman altogether?"

"Because, unfortunately, Angie hasn't education enough for a nursery-governess. She puts two negatives together, and says *done* for *did*, and *seen* for *saw*, and makes other mistakes that would not be tolerated in any one who has to teach children."

"But she might go somewhere as child's nurse, or lady's maid, and receive twenty dollars a month."

"Angie would rather take five dollars a week as *salary*, than any *wages* you might offer her. She is a saleslady, remember, and naturally averse to descending in the social scale."

"Pride! Pride! Pride! I had intended to send her my last winter's sacque, but now I don't think I shall."

"Throw stones at her, my dear, if you can truthfully say that if you had to earn your living you would rather go into a dressmaker's establishment as a well-paid waist hand, than starve genteelly as an artist—supposing—"

"I give it up! Angie shall have the sacque."

"I am going to take up a collection," announced Miss Wolfe one morning at breakfast.

"I am dead broke," responded Mr. Neville.

"And I am going shopping this morning," said Mrs. Neville, "and shall need every penny I have."

"And I spent the last two dollars of my quarterly allowance yesterday," said Lou, "spent them in buying a pair of gloves that are a mile too large for me. I had no idea the horrid things would stretch so."

"A mile too large for you?" returned Miss Wolfe. "Then they are just what I want for Lizzie Burke. It was to buy her a pair of decent gloves that I wished to take up a collection. Lizzie earns from three to four dollars a week as a scarf-maker, and as she pays three dollars a week for board at Mrs. Barrett's Boarding House for Working Ladies and Gents, she hasn't much left for dress."

"Lizzie Burke? Wasn't she the friend of that Bessie Lewis you were telling us about some time ago?" asked Annie.

"Yes, she and Bessie roomed together; and when Lizzie went away, Clementina

Barrett, the landlady's daughter, came into the room and took up three-fourths of it. She is a coarse, overdressed girl, who thinks herself stylish and charming. She sneers at Lizzie's shabby clothes, till the poor girl feels quite discouraged. When Lizzie was drawing on her gloves last Sunday to go to church, Clementina remarked that if *she* had no better gloves than those, she would keep herself off of the street, except when she was compelled to go out to her work."

"Of course she shall have the gloves!" exclaimed Lou. "She shall have a pair of new shoes, too, if papa ever lets me have any more money."

"I am impervious to hints," said Mr. Neville. "You will get your next quarter's allowance when it becomes due, and not before. Quiet your conscience for the time being, by giving Lizzie one of your hats. You must have any number of them. I never see you in the same one twice."

"That's all *you* know about it, papa! I wear one hat ever so long; the only variation is in the trimming. But Lizzie can have my last spring mantle, and I'll touch it up myself till it can be passed off on Mademoiselle Clementina as the latest fashion. I had no idea that working girls sneered at one another."

"It is easy to guess," said Miss Wolfe, "why Clementina sneers sometimes. Lizzie in her shabby dress is a prettier girl than she is in all her finery."

"But what a slow sewer the girl must be to earn only three dollars a week," observed Annie. "I am sure I could earn more than that if I were paid only ten cents a scarf."

"Possibly you could," returned Miss Wolfe; "but Lizzie is paid only three cents and a half a scarf, and you see that makes a difference."

"Three cents and a half!" exclaimed Annie, "I'd throw them in the fire before I'd make them at that price."

"Lizzie is only too glad to get the

work," said Miss Wolfe, "and she is constantly afraid of its giving out. When the working force has to be diminished, the fore-woman keeps only those girls she likes best, girls who sew for her, or make her presents, and Bessie, poor child, hasn't time for the one or money for the other."

"How inconsiderate!" exclaimed Lou. "She ought to give the work to those who need it most."

"Yes," returned Miss Wolfe, "but from all I have heard of down-town ways, I have come to the conclusion that consideration is more a masculine than a feminine virtue."

"Then I am glad I haven't any down-town ways," said Lou.

"Take care, you young Pharisee," observed Mrs. Neville. "I told you I wished the wash to be particularly light last week, as the washerwoman had a sick child to attend to, and what did you do but throw a white dress into the basket, a dress that could just as well have waited a while. We pay for our washing by the week, not by the piece; so Miss Wolfe can judge for herself how much you have of the masculine virtue of consideration."

"I'll never again claim a virtue of either gender while you are in hearing, Mamma," returned Lou. "I had completely forgotten that child till you came and threw the dress back into my room, and then marched away without a word. But, Miss Wolfe, cannot Lizzie do anything but make scarfs?"

"She tried cloak-finishing for a while," replied Miss Wolfe, "but had to give it up because the dust kept her constantly coughing, and she is threatened with the same lung trouble that carried off her mother. I am continually warning her that she must wear overshoes whenever she goes out, if there is the slightest threatening of rain, because her shoes often have holes in them, as she cannot afford more than one pair a year."

"She shall have two pair *this* year, if you will remind me of it to-morrow," said Mr. Neville. "When a pretty, attractive young girl dresses shabbily in a city like this, she is one of the sort that ought to be helped."

"I wonder where the man expects to

go when he dies," said Mrs. Neville, musingly.

"What man?" asked Annie.

"The one who pays that girl three and a half cents each for her scarfs."

"Don't concern yourself about his soul," said Mr. Neville; "he hasn't any."

KITCHEN EMPLOYÉS.

I QUESTION whether it has ever occurred to the minds that are moving so efficiently in the great world's good works,—the minds of the ablest and most earnest of women,—that, within their very hands, is a class of workers entirely overlooked in the movements for the shortening of the hours of labor, and for the spiritual and intellectual elevation of the working classes. Is there any principle of humanity in the average public sentiment, that looks consentingly on while the kitchen girl, whose Sunday rest rarely covers more than four hours, begins her week-day's work at five or six in the morning and ends it at eight at night? Surely, with all the labor to better human conditions, in which this noble army of women are engaged, this state of affairs should not be overlooked. My idea is that we should hear far less of "inefficient and faithless service," would employers in domestic departments of labor conform to the laws that rule in other avocations. The common cry is, "My girl has no interest in her work." What incentive can she have to interest?

She never knows when her work is done. If, in contracting with her employer, the hours of labor comprising a day's and week's work were definitely agreed upon, and she were clear as to the fact that every hour over, whether on a week-day or on a Sunday, was to count towards an extra week, self-interest at least—and that kind of interest is usually no stronger than in the bosom of the employer—would quicken her energies and brighten her understanding into efficiency if any motive could. No employer has a right to assume, because she has been gifted with larger intellectual opportunities, and is, in a sense, higher in the scale of humanity than is her employé, that the whole time, strength, and the very individuality of that employé, are to be absorbed in her service from the moment she enters her kitchen. Kitchen girls are human as well as other working people. And now, I pray you, editors of the journal to which I send this paper, consider this heretofore unconsidered class; and toward the bettering of its condition, lend a helping hand.

A. P.

"THERE is an uncrowned King among us, uncrowned as yet, but destined to be crowned, and that king is Labor. It is our part to make this not a ruthless, wild

and untamed King, but a glorious and beneficent monarch of our civilization."—*Parke Godwin.*

THE NATION'S DISHONOR.

WE regret that this notice arrived too late for our last issue.—*Ed.*

THE St. Paul Chamber of Commerce practically gave up its entire session recently, to listen to an address upon the condition of the Leech Lake and Winnebagoish Indians, by Bishop Whipple, who said it was a matter of national honor that the condition of these Indians should be considered and the duty of the government to them understood.

In 1880, for the better protection of the interests of the Mississippi river, it was deemed necessary to build reservoirs at the head waters of the river. But at the time that congress authorized the construction of the reservoirs, the opinion of the attorney general of the United States was solicited as to the legality of the act. He stated then that in his opinion the government had no right to overflow the lands of these Indians, which they legally held, nor to take material from them in the construction of the reservoirs. In the face of all this the dams were builded, the Indians' lands overflowed, their crops destroyed, and the fish and wild rice, their main sources of subsistence, destroyed. A peaceable, friendly tribe, from them has been taken their living. Reports of this state of affairs have been sent to the government, but without avail. The commission of which General Sibley and Russell Blakely were members had thoroughly investigated the state of affairs, and made an elaborate report that came to naught. Congress had offered but \$15,000 to the Indians for the destruction of their crops and the overflow. They are 2,000 in number, and their condition demands immediate attention.

At the conclusion of his remarks the Bishop read a letter from the Rev. J. A. Gilfillan, who has been a missionary among these Indians for many years, which gave a detailed statement of the condition of affairs at this time. In the early

part of June Mr. Gilfillan visited Leech Lake. He found the water much raised and that in consequence the Indians could catch hardly any fish, and were hungry; a condition of affairs unknown before the building of the dams. In consequence of the rise of the water the fish had left their former haunts and could not be found, and the Indians were thus deprived of almost their entire subsistence in summer.

Neither is this all; the great overflow has destroyed their rice fields, a fact that will make their condition in winter even worse than now. The Indians are well aware that these dams have been built contrary to law, and they are patiently waiting for the government to send them relief in some form before they die of starvation. It is already four years since these dams were commenced and not one cent of relief has yet been sent them, and if winter sets in without some adjustment of the matter it is hard to tell what will happen. The Leech Lake dam is in charge of two men only, and the Indians may yet determine to destroy them if made desperate by hunger. What the result of letting the water, stored above the dams, out suddenly would be, can only be surmised. It is a great body of water having a coast line of over 350 miles,—a vast sea extending far inland. The trees standing far out in the water are dead, the hay meadows all submerged, the roads overflowed and obliterated, the Indians driven to the hills and all communication stopped. The Indians are exasperated and bitter at the wanton destruction of their property, and are talking of the consequences of breaking the dams, when this vast body of water would sweep down over the lower country with terrible effect.

The St. Paul Chamber of Commerce voted to do all in its power that the wrong done should be righted. The

government treaty which gave the Indians the use of this land, is as binding as any treaty made with England, France or Germany. To deliberately break it, without compensation, is a national disgrace;

and when it involves hunger and death, as this is certainly doing, it is a crime for which congress is responsible.—*Fairbault Democrat.*

THE ANNUAL CONVENTION of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, will be held in Minneapolis, Minn., beginning on Friday, October 22d, and continuing till the following Tuesday—five days in all. It will be preceded by public meetings on Sabbath, October 17th. Monday, the 18th, is left open for special committees and engagements. The executive committee, and committee of superintendents of thirty-nine departments, will meet in separate session on Tuesday and Wednesday, and on Thursday these two committees will have a joint session for consultation, as provided by the new constitution. On Wednesday, the 27th, the executive committee will have its usual post-convention session, the committee of superintendents meeting with the executive committee, and the latter holding its final council on the day following. These announcements are made thus early that all concerned therein may fully understand the plan as modified by changes in the constitution. The basis of membership as set forth in the constitution is as follows:

"The annual meeting shall be composed of the executive committee, State corresponding and recording secretaries and treasurers, the national superintendents of departments, the editor and publisher of the official organ, and chairmen of standing committees, National organizers, one delegate at large from each auxiliary State union, and one delegate for every five hundred paying members of auxiliary State unions, territories and the District of Columbia to be represented on the same basis."

The local committee on entertainment is already at work with such energy and skill as predicts preparations of unexcelled

excellence for the transportation and entertainment of delegates, and the convenience and attractiveness of the auditorium. Mrs. N. H. Winchell, 10 State street, is chairman of W. C. T. U. committee at Minneapolis, and Miss A. M. Henderson, 112 North 7th street, Minneapolis, is superintendent of railroad rates. Mrs. H. A. Hobart, President of W. C. T. U. of Minnesota, assures us of a hearty welcome from every White Ribboner of Minneapolis.

IN "A Timid Brave," the new story by William Justin Harsha, we have a contribution to Indian literature that cannot fail to do much toward opening the eyes and stirring the hearts of its readers.

With no apparent dramatic effort, this simple story yet produces upon all readers the effect of highest art which makes the fiction read like living truth from beginning to end of the tale. That it is far more truth than fiction, those acquainted with Indian history cannot question. The heart that has not passed beyond a sympathetic sentiment in favor of the Indian will find in this pathetic tale fuel to fan his sympathy into indignation, while the cool judgment and calm insight of the student will find abundant addition to the ever growing mass of evidence as to the true causes of Indian outbreaks and atrocities.

As one more and very strong link in the chain that is drawing the people toward right views, and the government toward just action, we must welcome this little book. To the Women's National Indian Association the publishers furnish the volume at a reduced rate, and doubtless the state organizations can secure equally favorable terms. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York. Price, 15 cents.

Ten Times One.

"Look up and not down :—
Look forward and not back :—
Look out and not in,
And Lend a Hand."

In the July number of *LEND A HAND* we published an extract from a letter from a little girl in Brooklyn. Many readers have been delighted with her interest and enthusiasm. It is just such interest and enthusiasm that make our clubs a success. It is the real Harry Wadsworth spirit. It is contagious—so contagious that it spreads the world over and cannot be put down by outward circumstances. We give another extract from a letter lately received.

"You asked about the Hospital Club. About a month or two ago, my uncle (the one of whom I spoke in my last letter) visited the hospital and found that seven names had been added to the list on the back cover of '10x1=10.' He came to tell me of it and we felt greatly pleased, because it had been so long since the book was left at the Hospital that we feared it would be a failure altogether. Since then no word has come to me of the completion of the Club, but I think as it has gone so far, it surely will be finished soon. I hope that it will. About the Christmas plan. We (the members of our club) are so widely scattered throughout the world, that correspondence does not prove a great success, therefore I do not know of all the others are doing. I did not have time to write to but seven of the members about the Christmas plan, and those seven have not told me what they did.—But I am sure they each did their work and followed their motto, even if they did not write of their doings. One agreement of the Christmas plan was that all should be done silently. My

work was to send a package to each of the cots (13 in number) in the children's ward at St. John's Hospital, Brooklyn. This summer I am with two of the members, so we three together can become more interested in the work than if we were separated. I have asked the different members to correspond with each other. They have begun to do so and are, I think, very much interested. One of the members (the one who is an American and lives in Russia) wrote me that he thought it wasn't 'very easy to do good among people whose language you do not understand, and a good part of the peasants act on that proverb, 'If a man wants a thing well done let him do it himself.' I wrote and told him that even if he didn't understand their language yet by his actions he might 'lend a hand.' Don't you think so?"

In Macon, Georgia, is published a monthly paper, called the "Helping Hand." It adopts the Harry Wadsworth mottoes as its motto and guide. The editor (missionary of the American Missionary Association) modestly calls it "a little paper meant to do good." And why shouldn't it do good, published by a man active in the missionary cause and with

"Look up and not down :—
Look forward and not back :—
Look out and not in,
And Lend a Hand."

for his daily inspiration? Does it not mean faith, hope, charity and love?

The object of the "American Missionary Association" is to "preach the Gos-

pel to the poor," and its work is largely among the colored people of the South, "Mountain whites" of Kentucky and Tennessee, Indians in Dakota and Nebraska, and the Chinese in California. This society has expended over six million dollars during the past twenty years, and has trained thousands of young men and women to go forth into the world with a Christian education. They have established Sunday-schools, common schools, normal schools and colleges,—some of them having industrial departments and so enabling the pupils of both sexes to lead lives of greater usefulness. One of the sewing-schools has sixty-five pupils, several of whom are men and boys, who are not only greatly interested but very expert in the use of the needle. The mothers bring their infants with them and at one session there were seven of the little things. The pupils make garments which when finished are given to them.

The Rollston Look-up Legion has a grandmother. How many of our clubs have grandmothers? It is an excellent idea. We all know how invaluable a grandmother is in a family. If she is one of the sweet, gentle kind, we are all sweetened and made more gentle. If she is a snappy grandmother (and there are that kind, too) she isn't loved so dearly; but we, who are no longer "young folks," can trace back to her quickness of tongue and energy, much that has helped us in forming habits of promptness, self-control and helpfulness. By all means let us have grandmothers, and give thanks to the Rollston Look-up Legion for suggesting it.

We have met ever since the formation of the club in October, 1884, on Friday afternoons at 4 o'clock, that being the most convenient hour and day for school children. We have a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, chosen every three months from among the children—and the President takes charge

of the meetings under the guidance of the teacher.

The first Friday in the month is devoted to foreign and home missionary topics; the second to reports of what each one is doing to live up to their mottoes; the third to Bible lessons, and the fourth to temperance. The programme generally followed has been:

Singing.

Lord's Prayer in concert; or, prayer by the teacher followed, sentence by sentence, by the children.

Singing.

Repetition of mottoes in concert.

Secretary's report.

Readings and recitations.

Lesson by teacher on topic of the day.

Singing.

Mizpah.

Dismission.

They have distributed Easter cards and flowers on Easter Sunday among the sick,—flowers and leaflets at many other times,—and they have adopted as their "grandmother" an old lady, a member of our church, who is helpless from paralysis. It is meant that some of them shall go to see her every week, to read, sing or talk with her, and carry her something to cheer her heart.

A box is passed for pennies at every meeting, and those taken on "missionary day" are to be applied to home and foreign work. They have twice had an afternoon sociable with supper, and an evening entertainment, where they have done themselves great credit.

Only yesterday I heard an incident that greatly pleased me. Our organist wanted to get some little boys she saw on the street, to blow the organ for a short practice, the pump being out of order. She offered them three cents each for fifteen minutes' work. They gladly accepted the offer, and did the work well. When she came to pay them, she had nothing less than a ten-cent piece. So she said to them, "Now, if I give this to one of

you, will you be honest about it, go to the store, get it changed and give the other two their three cents?" Two of them quickly spoke up and said, "We two belong to the Look-up Legion. We are honest boys."

Not long since, a school teacher told me that, one day, asking if any boy wanted to stay and help her do some work after school, one boy raised his hand. After the others were gone, he told her he belonged to the Look-up Legion, and one of their mottoes was "Lend a Hand," and he wanted to help wherever he could. I felt greatly encouraged at the attempt to make the mottoes practical."

The club takes its name from the name of the church.

The Lend a Hand Club connected with the Unitarian Sunday-school of Shelbyville was organized in January, 1886, with an enrolled membership of twenty, including fifteen girls and five boys, aged thirteen and upwards. I am sorry to say that most of these were girls, as a great many of the boys who should have belonged, thought they could not live up to the pledge which forbids disobedience and the use of tobacco. I am glad to say, however, that many have come in since, so that we now have about thirteen boys enrolled. We have thirty-five members altogether, and an average attendance of twenty-five. Any one can become a member who desires and will conform to the requirements of the constitution and sign the pledge.

Our meetings are held every week in the church. The meetings are opened by singing and prayer, after which the society recites the pledge in concert.

The second part of the meeting is devoted to the business affairs of the club, and the last part is composed of literary or social exercises. We are now practising a drama of Cinderella to be given, charging a small admission fee, the net

proceeds to be devoted to some benevolent purpose.

The principal work done by our club is to help in the decorating and arranging of the church for festivals, etc., and to furnish literary entertainment for our monthly sociables and afterwards taking the flowers to sick persons in the vicinity. The club is doing considerable in the way of helping in the growth and interest of the Sunday-school, as the members feel more active in attending to church and Sunday-school duties and in bringing other members into the Sunday-school. The members also feel that they have a closer relationship to each other through the club.

We have for our motto:

"Look up and not down:—
Look forward and not back:—
Look out and not in,
And Lend a Hand,"

which we repeat at the close of every meeting. We also have a password and charge a membership fee of twenty cents per annum, which is used in paying incidental expenses of the club.

ROBERT C. DOUTHIT,
Corresponding Secretary.

It is not always the lending a hand far away that shows the true Harry Wadsworth spirit. He would not have felt that the polishing of the rough corners of a little society was not his work. These people, mentioned in the following extract from a letter, are all better fitted to "lend a hand" and to exert an uplifting influence wherever their lot may be cast, from the very fact that they have learned in love to control themselves. We see no need of discouragement with such a gathering. We do see a rich ground for future work. Whatever the name may be, the spirit is the spirit of love.

"It grieves and worries me that the young people of the church have no real organized work of the 'Lend a Hand' type. We have a little society called the 'Church Improvement Society,' and

this spring they attended to the planting and protection of an evergreen hedge around the church, and they have at their regular weekly meetings practiced the Sunday-school and regular church music (and they have never quarrelled over the singing). They have improved the singing and formed a better acquaintance with each other, which in our scattered neighborhood is hard to do,—and I suppose they have polished up and ground each other off some. All this we ought to have done, and not to have left the other undone.

“For the sake of the friendships formed and fostered in the society, a good many persons have a great deal more interest in and attend the Sunday-school and church more regularly. I can see that it does help people, but I don't think it comes under the head of a positive, ostensible ‘Lend a Hand’ club.

“There are about twenty-five or thirty boys and girls, young men and women, from fifteen to thirty-five years of age, and I know that many of them every week, as individuals, help the poor, comfort the sick, etc.”

In 1871 the society now known as the “Chicago Athenæum” was organized under the name of the “Chicago Young Men's Christian Union.” The Look-up Legion mottoes were then adopted, and the “lend a hand” spirit has been faithfully followed ever since. The Superintendent writes that he knows of “no club or association in this part of the country that has been more faithful to the spirit of Harry Wadsworth's motto ‘Look up and not down, and ‘Lend a hand,’ than the Chicago Athenæum.”

The following extracts from a letter tell us of one of the very oldest of the “Harry Wadsworth” clubs, and it is pleasant to know that so many of the original members can be traced and are now respectable citizens:

“The little club called the ‘Harry Wadsworth Helpers’ was formed in New York about sixteen years ago by a class of ten mission Sunday-school boys from twelve to sixteen years old. Ash-pickers, news-boys and dock-boys,—they thought themselves quite too old to go to Sunday-school any more and were only coaxed to come by having a long story read to them each week after a very short lesson. In this way they heard with great delight the story of $10 \times 1 = 10$, then just published, and the idea of forming a club to ‘help somebody’ struck them as being a very manly thing. They were willing to come to the general exercises of the Sunday-school if they might afterwards, instead of a lesson, hold a weekly meeting of their own. They elected officers, making the teacher President, had ‘Harry Wadsworth Helper’ badges printed on blue ribbon, and began life as a club. The initiation fee was five cents, weekly dues were two cents with a fine of three for absence or a ‘non-performance of weekly duties.’ The ‘weekly duty’ of each boy was that he should do something to help some one who needed it. A book was kept in which the secretary recorded each Sunday what each member had done. The idea of trying to live for other people was a new one to them, as most of the boys had a hard struggle for their own existence—but they did begin to show a glimmer of the Harry Wadsworth spirit. One Sunday two of the boys reported having found at twelve o'clock the night before a drunken man down in the middle of the street. After a long search they found his home and literally carried him there, saving him from arrest and gaining the blessing of his almost distracted wife, who told them it was the first spree and it wouldn't be her fault if it wasn't the last. Many of the things they did would be called small if there were any small things in the world,—such as picking out coal from the ash-barrels for a poor old woman,

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shovelling snow for another, and so on. As their dues and fines accumulated, a young man was hunted up in the city missions, who had been bedridden for 17 years. He had not a relative, hardly a friend in the world; was boarded through the charity of a church with a lone widow, equally friendless. For days he never had one glimpse of a world beyond the attic room of a rear tenement house. The club took their money to buy fruit and groceries, and used to go to read or talk to him. Then a widow with six little children was found half starving, and the whole club paid a Christmas visit with provision which they selected and bought themselves. After continuing two years, the teacher went abroad for a number of months, and while there the mission school was closed and the club dissolved. Several of the boys left the city at that time. At the present time, fourteen years after, the whereabouts of only five of the members are known. One of the helpers after several years of mining life in the Black Hills is now keeper of jail in the chief town among the Hills. Another is book-keeper for a shoe company in Maine, with a good salary. A third, an inventor, has taken out two patents which he has disposed of successfully. One has a good prospect of getting a position on the New York police force, having the highest testimonials as to good conduct, etc. A fourth is a baker with a wife and family, and a little house all to themselves. The fifth has a successful upholstery shop of which he is master. It is not fair to suppose that the other five have done as well, though nothing is known about them. Two left town many years ago, and their addresses could not be found."

The following extracts from a letter ask the questions which *IOXI* is intended to answer. If the Clubs will realize that their experiences in detail are always lending a hand to some sister-club in dif-

ficulty, *IOXI* will indeed be a blessing.

"My greatest difficulty was finding something for them to do (young children) during the hours of meeting, and I could see how much more interest they took in the meeting if they had some work to do. They made from January to May about twelve dollars, which they have not yet spent. We adopted some of the rules of the Look-up Legion, and the mother of one of our members (our little secretary) took so much interest in the club that she wrote out the rules with a typewriter and each of the boys had a copy. If you could only tell me something for them to do, I would be so much obliged. The boys are not a bit afraid of me, and I think they come to the meetings to entertain me with their school exploits and to have me entertain them in any way I choose. But this is not my object. I let them talk pretty freely, but it is hard to impress with the fact that they have come together to work for God. Cannot this tendency be turned to some good?"

Bright boys must be occupied. Play or work may occupy them, or both combined. Dr. Watts never said a truer thing than that

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

Turn this restless activity into the right channels, and boys are as eager to "lend a hand" as to make mischief. Then comes the great question, "What shall they do?" and the tired mother and the discouraged teacher long for a ray of light in the dark spot to which they sooner or later come. They know that this over-running life is the power that shall rule us for good or for evil. They know that the responsibility rests to a great degree now on them, who are guiding these children, as to which road they take in future years. No wonder they anxiously ask, when their limited methods are exhausted, "What shall they do next?" And these pages are where they should

ask it and should find their answer. We are not each of us one club by itself, working for itself. We are one club, made up of many working for each other. We all experiment and we all should give the results of our experiments that others may profit thereby. This is the true spirit of the Wadsworth mottoes. This is what is meant by "Lend a hand"—not only to those immediately about us, but in the broader spirit to all those, all over the world, who may need the help that you can give.

A letter from a lady worker, who is in correspondence with a Chinese gentleman, tells us of the prospect of a club in China. She writes:

"I told Kin about the 'Harry Wadsworth' clubs, and asked him if he did not want to start one among the Chinese boys at the Medical School where he is a teacher;" and here is what Kin writes me:

"Please thank Mr. Hale for his nice pamphlet. I have read it with very great interest. I have loaned it to some of my fellow-students to read, and they thought it would be nice to start one among ourselves to begin with, then others may follow our examples."

"He goes on to tell of a reading club that he has just started among the students, which would be a good starting point for a Ten Times One club. As Kin is quite an energetic young man, his next letter will probably tell me that the hospital has a flourishing club. I thought you might be interested to know there is so good a prospect of a club among the Chinese boys."

We hope at some future time we shall have some of the stories which this lady means to write. We can readily believe that she can find heroes and heroines in the life to which she is devoting her time. What more telling praise can she give to Mr. Beecher's church than the few words here written?

"For fifteen years I have been interest-

ed in the 'Home for Friendless Women and Children.' During that time I have found Christian homes for thirty-two children, and *all* have turned out admirably. A few have become heads of families already, and others are of legal age. All are educated or being educated, and are adopted into the families where they are placed. Some of the stories are more romantic than any fiction I ever read, and I have for years been waiting to find time to write them up. But I belong to Mr. Beecher's church, and that means much work and little leisure. . . . I trust I shall at all times be ready to 'lend a hand' to whomsoever may need my help and fall in my way."

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

"Our church is Presbyterian, but it is the only one having an educated minister for many miles, and consequently the congregation is made of every denomination and do not feel as if they regularly belonged anywhere.

"We built the church with much hard work and paid for it about ten years ago. We began to use it before it had either floors or roof, and used to lay floor to answer our purpose every Sunday, and sit on seats made of bundles of shingles and boards.

"The Sunday-school has always contained our main workers, and last Sunday nineteen persons, all from it but one, united with the church, and they are the ones I wanted the work for. They range in age from thirteen to forty-five or fifty years—most of them fourteen to eighteen.

"We have a poor-house, but it is quite a distance from us; but I will see what can be done there, and in visiting newcomers and sick right in our own vicinity. Individually, a great many of the people are very generous and helpful to the poor and kind to strangers; but all are not brought up to the idea that they must do each one something. They would do it fast enough if showed how and put to work and each had an appointed duty."

TO A "FORTUNATE" CLUB.

To the Editor :

DEAR SIR,—What can a club find to do in a town like ours, where really there are no poor people? Nor have we any means of earning money, or much money, for people at a distance, where they are "fortunate" enough to have some poor people. You see we are where the king wanted to be. "We have neither poverty nor riches."

ANSWER.

This letter describes the very happy condition of a large number of American towns. We are greatly obliged to the young lady who makes the inquiry.

First of all, the letter shows what people forget, who read novels only, or only the newspapers printed in large cities, how much we have gained in the great advance, and how truly happy or fortunate the portion is of the larger part of our community.

Next to this, the letter sets us to asking what the smaller communities of America need as their next step in an improved social order.

There are other evils in this world beside hunger, thirst and cold. It is a good thing in a community if people have enough to eat, enough to wear and have houses which keep them warm and dry. This is what Miss — means when she says they have no "poor" in the town where she lives. But, all the same, probably every one in that town feels the want of something. All of them, if we asked them, could tell us of some wish for a higher and better life, which is not now gratified.

Is it possible,—we do not know,—that daily life in this town is uneventful and dull? Is there perhaps very little public recreation or amusement? Do people live much in the open air? Are they given to horseback parties got up at half an hour's notice? Is it easy to bring together a set of people for a picnic, on the

"intervale" or under the shelter of "High Rock?" How many of them know "the names of the flowers which the Cambridge botanists send down for?" How many of them can make a drawing which would be recognized as the fall where the Little River comes in? How many of them could tell Dr. Watson if he came down here, where he could find that curious procumbent yew from which he wants some seeds? Is the summer and autumn life of the town all that one can imagine or ask for? And might not a club no larger than yours, even this autumn, arrange for two meetings a week under the good God's own sky, which would set these matters right a little?

Or, for the winter before us. You have a good many good singers. A. plays the piano very well, B. and C. play it pretty well; D. plays the flute; E. and F. would like to be encouraged in their practice on the violin. Why does not the club arrange four "chamber concerts" with home talent, for the second and fourth Tuesday in November and December, or the first and third Friday, or any other day that would be convenient? Why does not the club send out just as many tickets for these concerts as will be enough to fill Mrs. F.'s large parlor? She will lend the club the parlor if the club asks her. And for the intervening Tuesdays and Fridays, why do we not send out other tickets, and arrange for four "readings?" Jane and Mary and Sophia have soft voices and read well. John and Marcus and Stephen have pretty good voices and read well enough. Do you not remember what capital entertainments we had in "Alpha Delta Phi," and in the "Star and Crescent," when we simply appointed readers and bade each of them find something entertaining? How the girls in the "Star and Crescent," and the boys in the "Alpha Delta" rummaged all the old *Blackwoods*, and *Fra-*

ers, and *Atlantics* for something which every one had forgotten, but which made every one laugh as if he would die, or cry his eyes out, perhaps? Do not do this simply for the entertainment of the club. But as before, invite the neighbors in, and wake up the quietness of Arcadia, not for that evening only but for weeks that follow.

Indeed, for the matter of poverty and sickness and the other sorrows which belong in the lowest grades of suffering, are you quite sure that there is none within your horizon? The county prison cannot be thirty miles away. Let the club collect next week twenty of the best weekly papers and monthly magazines which it can beg in the town. Send them with a pleasant note to the keeper of the House of Correction, and ask if it will be agreeable to have the service continued once a

week. I think you will have a very grateful answer. I think some of the gentlemen of your club or of your friends will be tempted to ride over to the House of Correction, or the Prison with the next parcel and have a talk with the jailer. I think it quite likely that there may be some man coming out or some woman, within the next month, for whom the jailer will be glad to have the advice; yes, and the help which such a club as yours can give. There is no point in life where tenderness and good judgment can help so directly as when one of these weak creatures leaves prison. "Lead us not into temptation," may well be his prayer. And perhaps it is your good fortune to supply the answer, or to "overcome evil with good."

Truly yours, dear Miss A. Z.,

THE EDITOR.

MISS MARY A. LATHBURY, the founder of the Look-up Legion, gives the following account in the *Illustrated Weekly*, of a summer home established by a Ten Times One Club, on Narraganset Bay. This is printed as a postscript to a charming story of the "St. Christopher Club," written by Miss Lathbury:

Three Years Later.

THERE is a story within this story; and as the things that are within are always more real and true than the things that are without, so it is with this story. It is a simple record of events.

Early in July, 1883, the writer spent a week with a friend in her beautiful summer home on the shores of Narraganset Bay. The days were perfect—blue above and blue below; white clouds sailing above and the white wings of yachts below. The nights were as perfect as the days, for the moon was regnant and made her nightly progress through countless clouds looking like the white tents of a great army crowding the field of

blue. It was perhaps the sense of being favored beyond desert that turned our thoughts towards the great city we had left. We thought of the tired women and little children and the sick who are the first to suffer in the heats of July, and we discussed ways and means of getting them out of their homes for a week or two of respite and of rest. At last a plan began to shape itself in our minds which might or might not become a fact.

This plan was only a week old when the story of the "St. Christopher Club" was written, and it very naturally took on the form and coloring of the place of its birth. The tent was yet an ideal one and could be pitched almost anywhere. The plan could be carried out, we felt sure, and perhaps, if committed to paper, it might come under the notice of some wealthy and thoughtful persons, who would experiment with the idea and add this annex to their summer establishment.

But the plan surprised itself by taking tangible form within two weeks. Three or four friends had joined heartily in the

effort to open a little "door of hope" towards rest and refreshment for those who longed for it, and before we were ourselves settled in the sea-side town where we had taken a cottage there was a tent with a fly, floor, and furniture spreading its wings over a little family of happy people.

As the first object of this department is to show that much, comparatively, can be accomplished in the way of giving an outing to those who need it on a very small capital, it will not be in order to tell the story as it might be told and as it told itself to us for more than two months. The varied character of the guests, the novel experiences, the bits of pathos and of fun, the tendency of elderly people to become like children in their enjoyment of the sea, and the tendency of children to become strong and happy, are all in the unwritten story.

Not many of the people who came were of the very poor. They were of that self-supporting and self-respecting class of people who often come to the last limit of strength and courage, but never ask for help. To some of these an invitation was extended to come and occupy the tent for a stated time (from two to three or four weeks, as the need might be), and an effort was always made to bring together families or groups of people who would harmonize. Housekeeping was of the simplest kind, and each woman, if she liked, could cook her own food, or several could coöperate.

Markets were near and plentifully supplied, and fish, fruits, and milk were cheap. The greater number of the guests were able and preferred to provide their own food, which cost from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per week, according to the plan of living. The tent, to which an annex was added later in the season, accommodated about forty persons, from the latter part of July to the middle of October, at a cost of less than \$80. This covered the rent of tent and furniture, the cost of

fuel, and the entire expenses of several of the guests.

The next summer a cottage was taken in place of the tent. It contained six rooms, was comfortably furnished, and the rent was \$75 for the season. This was occupied during July, and the first of August a lady whose heart was moved to "lend a hand" proposed to find a tenant for the small cottage and place a large and commodious cottage of her own, which had remained untenanted, at the disposal of the guests (we never said "inmates"). This was done, and through August and September the house was full of coming and going groups. More than seventy were received, and the total expense was less than \$100.

Last summer the house was less fortunate in extending its limits, but the cottage was a very pleasant one much nearer the surf. The rent was \$75. Nearly forty people came to the cottage, and the whole expense was less than \$100.

This little enterprise never assumed to be a charity, but rather a help—a lending of the hand to the neighbor at a point of need. There is nothing that could be termed "a work" about it, for, aside from a little money and a little interest and oversight, it has conducted itself. It has no existence beyond the season, no local habitation or name outside the goodwill and ability of a few people. The "reports"—a few items on a half-sheet of note-paper—have not burdened the person who prepared them (there has been no president, secretary or treasurer in this St. Christopher Club), and the only indebtedness is that of the heart.

Such is the story of the St. Christopher Club, and the real differs from the ideal in about the same degree that all our real experiences differ from our dreams. Every good and healthful enterprise was once a dream or a theory, and if one cannot carry out great projects let him try a little one like this. It will certainly bear abundant fruit.

Intelligence.

CRIMINAL AND PAUPER STATISTICS.

THE secretary of the interior has sent to the Senate the report of Fred. H. Wines, special agent of the tenth census, on the defective, dependent and delinquent classes. The report is voluminous and contains a large number of interesting tables respecting the criminal and pauper classes of the United States. Among other things the report shows the total number of prisoners confined in jails, workhouses and penitentiaries, etc., in the United States, in 1880, to be 58,609, of which 53,604 were males and 5,005 females, 45,802 natives and 12,807 foreigners, 41,861 whites and 16,748 colored. The number of prisoners to each million of population is given as 1,069. In 1870 it was 853. The number of insane persons in the United States in 1880 is given as 91,959, or 1,833 for each one million of population. In 1870 the total number was 37,432, or 971 for each million. Among the insane there are 130 males and 138 females who are also deaf mutes, 245 males and 283 females who are blind, and 16 males and 14 females who are deaf and dumb and blind. The number of homeless children (16 years and under) in 1880 was 57,423, of which 30,171 were males and 27,252 females, 55,613 were native born and 18,210 of foreign birth. The number of white homeless children is given as 54,883, and that of colored as 25,040.

The number of idiots in the United States reported as receiving special training is 6,809. This idiotic class has increased from 24,527 in 1870 to 76,895 in 1880. In the former year the ratio

was 636 to each one million of population, and in the latter year it was 1,533. The number of the idiotic deaf mutes is—males 1,185, females 937; idiotic deaf mutes and blind—males 107, females 110; idiotic and blind—males 661, females 525.

The total number of blind in the United States in 1880 was 47,926, or 976 in each one million of population. The number of blind reported as receiving instruction is given as 4,691. The number of blind who are also deaf mutes is—whites, 84 males and 107 females; colored, 28 males and 27 females; blind and idiotic—whites, 595 males and 463 females; colored, 66 males and 62 females.

The number of deaf mutes in the United States in 1880 who are reported to have received special instruction in the various institutions for the deaf and dumb is 12,154. Of any of the states New York furnishes the largest number of this class of persons (1,809), and Florida and Nevada the smallest number (6 each). The Territory of Wyoming has none. The number of out-door paupers in 1880 is given as—males 10,290, females 11,305; 17,902 are natives, and 3,693 foreigners; 19,328 white, and 2,267 colored.

The number of almshouse paupers in the United States, in 1880, was—males 35,564, females 30,639; of which 37,603 were white and 5,717 colored.

(No better service can be rendered than that which is performed by individuals, who in a given locality verify, or, more often, discredit, the details of the census, which brings together such results as these here.—*Eds.*)

DAVENPORT, IOWA.

A FEW years ago the Ladies' Christian Association of this city thought it well to open a school where the daughters of poor parents might be taught enough of the art of needlework to enable them to make their own clothing. The matter was put into the hands of one of their members, who requested the work committee of the association to prepare a few garments of unbleached muslin for the first attempt, and furnish supplies of needles, thread and thimbles suitable for the children's use. Notice was given in a few of the public schools that on Saturday mornings, from ten to twelve o'clock, a "sewing school" would be held in a room in one of the school buildings.

It was a snowy morning in December when nine little girls met their teacher and began to learn to sew. Some of them did not know how to hold a needle, or upon which finger to place the thimble, but all were pleased to try, and at the close of the morning, handkerchiefs were partly hemmed, patchwork begun, and some of the muslin garments undertaken with a fair prospect of completion.

Each week the number of pupils increased, until a larger room was needed, and before the end of the winter it was about one hundred. The ladies, both young and more mature, leaving their pleasant homes and family cares or amusements for the morning volunteered as teachers to show these ignorant girls how to stitch, fell, make a button-hole, put in a patch or darn a stocking. The school is held from November to May, and each child who is sufficiently industrious can provide herself with underclothing, aprons, flannel skirt, crash towel and handkerchief, and also learn knitting, in the course of the session. Through the

kind efforts of the young ladies and gentlemen of the city in giving popular entertainments, sufficient funds have been realized to supply the school with low chairs and tables, which much facilitate their work. A pleasant hall is now rented for their occupancy, where these one hundred children are seated at these tables in classes, each class provided with a teacher who overlooks their work and assists when necessary. A short rest is given, when they sing or march to music, or use some of the kindergarten exercises. When the pupils have sufficiently advanced they are taught how to cut out garments, and so relieve the association of all care except to furnish the material, while the girls acquire more useful knowledge. Some on leaving the school have taken places in dress-making establishments, and thus been enabled to support themselves, while all are sufficiently trained to keep themselves neat and tidy.

A Christmas celebration is held, when books, toys, candies and fruit are generously donated by the citizens interested. Some practical moral lessons are given, a story told, or some game taught. The teachers seem to enjoy the school quite as much as the children, whose gratitude in some instances is charming to see, as where one little German girl expressed herself in her broken English after completing her first garment: "Teacher, I tank you, and my muvver, she tank you, too."

No more satisfactory work among the poor was ever attempted. It is easier to train children to habits of order and neatness, than to change the careless and wasteful habits of a lifetime. Also by the children the parents are often influenced.

No man can live alone. In a convict's cell or on a desert island, he slowly dies. He needs the tenderness, the counsel, the

sympathy of the brothers and sisters whom he meets in daily life. And they need his.

ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.

To teach the value of money to those for whom it provides work, the Bureau of Associated Charities of Orange, N. J., has opened a store in its handsome building. Groceries of all kinds are bought at wholesale prices, and retailed, even in the smallest quantity, at cost. This cost is simply that of the groceries themselves. There is no rent to pay for the store, as the building is owned by the bureau, and all the work done in the various departments is voluntary, or a "labor of love." The articles sold are of the best quality, and the woman who has just been paid for her sewing or knitting in the employment room can at once invest the money received, in nutritious food. In another

room orders are given for coal, but only for ready money, as it is wisest not to pauperize those who are helped. The coal is furnished them at the same price paid for it by the car-load direct from the mines. In another room again the women assisted can buy strong and warm underclothing durably made, for the cost of the materials, so that they can be fed and warmed and clothed at the lowest possible cost, and by the proceeds of their own labor. A laundry in the same building, also carried on without any costs of management, provides work of another kind for those who can neither sew nor knit.

A COMPANY has been recently formed at Gateshead, England, with the object of supplying nutritious and well-cooked food at such a price as to be within the means of the very poor. It is stated to be conducted on purely commercial principles; and, though it has been working only a few months, it has already declared a dividend of five per cent, and has extended its operations to Newcastle and Sunderland. The business is carried on in three departments:—1. *The Outdoor Trade*.—Cooked food is supplied to those who carry it away in their own utensils for consumption at home. 2. *The Penny Dining Room*.—Here the diners are supplied with basins, plates, and spoons; and the food is consumed in the room, which is provided with tables and forms. 3. *The Sixpenny Dining Room*.—Here an excellent dinner of two courses is provided.

The bill of fare varies from day to day, but the following may be taken as a fair example: Plate of roast beef, with haricot beans and potatoes, plate of apple or rice pudding, 6d. The Company possess the advantage of a special system of cooking invented by its chairman, the Rev. W. Moore Ede, Rector of Gateshead. So

great is its economy, that at the central establishment the building is heated and all the cooking done for an expenditure of less than 1s. 6d. per day. The Company declares itself willing to establish a branch in any place where 250 of its £1 shares are taken up, and claims to have solved the problem of feeding the poor without pauperising them.

THE "Citizen and Neighbor," by Rev. Charles F. Dole, is a manual on "men's rights and duties as they live together in the State and in Society," for use in Sunday-schools. Its author hopes that from its unsectarian character it may also be of use in secular schools in which some instruction is felt to be necessary to fit the students for the duties of citizenship. The book is divided into four parts: Political duties, or the rights and duties of Citizens; economical duties, or the rights and duties of business and money; social rights and duties, or the duties of men as they live together in society; and international duties, or the rights and duties of nations. These parts are divided into sub-chapters, and there are questions at the end of each chapter which go over the ground already covered.